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IF Secretary Lansing's note to the Austro-Hungarian government on the sinking of the Ancona could be considered without reference to the previous notes to Germany or to previous expressions of American dissatisfaction with the behavior of the Central Powers, it would deserve warm and undivided approval from American public opinion. The barbarity of launching a torpedo at that vessel while its innocent and unfortunate passengers were still struggling to escape is almost more deserving of the abhorrence of all humane people than is the torpedoing of the Lusitania. Americans should be thankful that the government of the United States has the legal as well as the moral right to protest, and they should pay cheerfully any price which needs to be paid in order to make the protest good. It is time to have our sense of responsibility reinforced. War brings with it so much inevitable barbarity, and in many cases the facts are so difficult to establish, that the tendency of prolonged fighting is to make the public conscience callous and indifferent. Some such change has been taking place

in the American attitude towards the uglier aspects of the European war. It is much less sensitive to indubitable instances of the infliction of suffering and death on non-combatants than it was six months ago. It has been abominably callous and indifferent about this very Ancona tragedy, and would have connived at any attempt made by the administration to evade it. The President deserves all the more credit for the sharp and uncompromising manner in which he has expressed and emphasized this new American grievance against the Central Powers.

OUR doubts about President Wilson's handling of American relations with Germany and Austria do not concern the Ancona note itself. They concern rather the whole policy of which the Ancona note is apparently the culmination. We would like to know what Mr. Wilson really proposes to do to Germany. It looks as if he were adopting an unnecessarily indirect and devious method of indicating American discontent with German behavior. The enforced recall of the two attachés was intended to chastise not two minor officers who had only been obeying orders, but the government who issued those orders. The reproach and condemnation which the President in his message heaped upon disloyal and lawless German-Americans was apparently aimed chiefly at the officials across the water who instigated the disloyalty and the law-breaking. Finally the extremely peremptory tone of the Ancona note has almost certainly been addressed quite as much to Berlin as to Vienna, and is intended to accomplish more than a disavowal of the slaughter of the Ancona passengers. Doubtless these are shrewd tactics for a President when he wishes to warn a foreign power that his patience is exhausted, without at the same time committing any act which will necessarily involve a break with the offender. But are they not too shrewd? No doubt the German Foreign Office has been made fully to understand what Mr. Wilson means, but the great majority of his fellow countrymen have

not. They have not the faintest idea how near their government is to a break with Germany. If the break comes and proves to be costly and dangerous, they will be wholly unprepared both for the sacrifices and the perils. The President in his anxiety to avoid embarrassing public agitation has refused to take public opinion into his confidence and has slowly infected a certain part of it with a kind of moral tepidity. If the occasion arises when in his opinion national self-respect requires a more vigorous resistance to German and Austrian invasion of the independence and security of the United States, he will find that the support in public opinion which such a policy needs has been gradually and seriously weakened.

IF Yuan Shih-Kai had refused to play his part in the carefully prepared program which has been consummated by his acceptance of the imperial title, he would have "lost face" in the eyes of his countrymen. The better element in China regards him as the strong man who alone can save the country from Japanese aggression. Yet his action may precipitate the very catastrophe which they have endeavored to avoid. As Emperor of China he may be obliged to acquiesce in the terms of Group Five of the Japanese demands presented early in the year, which were eliminated in the settlement of questions outstanding between China and Japan. The policy of Yuan and his counsellors may have been determined by reasons which it is impossible for us at this distance accurately to gauge, but it would appear to have been wiser had he deferred his decision to some date at which he could have counted upon a more effective balancing of rival interests at Peking. Unless Japan is subjected to unlooked-for pressure from London, Paris and Petrograd, she is not likely to accept without protest this open defiance of her recent polite but nevertheless ominous suggestion that it would be unwise for China at this time to change her form of government. Japan has expressed her determination to preserve peace in the Orient. This peace may be threatened by revolutions in China which Japan in conformity with her declaration will feel called upon to suppress. Should Japan intervene in China at this time her troops will be permanently established, and Yuan may discover that in endeavoring to save his face he has lost the power which as president he possessed.

DEMOCRATIC party plans for shipping in so far as they have been revealed are disappointing. In place of a courageous and determined policy of public operation of definite steamship routes to subserve definite transportation requirements, it is proposed that the government shall enter temporarily into the business of shipbuilder and ship-

broker, buying or building a certain aggregate tonnage of ships and leasing them in large part to private parties. What can the administration hope to achieve by such a program? Certainly not a very substantial increase in the American merchant marine. American shipyards are already working to capacity, and orders placed by the government can only displace vessels that would otherwise be built for private parties. Neither does the program offer a solution to the problem of building up a class of American seamen. The private lessees of publicly owned vessels will be as helpless in the face of competition with oriental seamen as private owners have been in the past. Even if the administration decides that the government should itself operate some of these vessels, the President's ingenuous announcement that as soon as the business becomes profitable the government will withdraw, will itself jeopardize the whole program. The government cannot secure a personnel of expert shipping men to conduct a temporary enterprise. Shippers will not dare incur the enmity of powerful established lines by patronizing a government line if it is soon to be discontinued. Nor can South American governments be expected to cooperate in a project to which the United States is not permanently committed.

PREVIOUS ship purchase bills have lacked at least one good point which the new bill as foreshadowed in press dispatches will introduce. A shipping board is created with regulatory power over all foreign shipping. This marks a distinct progress away from the earlier notion of regulation by government competition, in the direction of a more effective mode of administrative control. But here too the program has serious faults. The board is to be at least in part political, including in its membership two and perhaps three Cabinet officials. If the Interstate Commerce Commission has succeeded in winning the respect of the railroads and the public, it has been because its membership has been so largely free from political influence. If the fortunes of a part of the shipping board are to be bound up in the success or failure of a particular administration, the whole board will be under suspicion. Again, the same board which is to regulate private shipping is to own and perhaps to operate the government fleet. Aside from the obvious injustice of subjecting shipowners to regulation at the hands of their immediate competitors, the result must be to divide the allegiance of the shipping board between promoting the government's venture as a shipowner and protecting the shipping public. A separate non-political commission should be given supervision over government-owned ships no less than over private lines.

ADVOCATES of stringent regulation of the railways have been unnecessarily alarmed by the paragraph in the President's message in which he suggests the appointment of a commission to investigate the present legal and economic standing of the American railway system. If any harm should overtake the principle and method of railroad regulation as the result of the commission's work, it would be because the friends of administrative control of the railroads failed to take advantage of the opportunities afforded by the investigation. Perhaps the inquiry is being instigated by people who are seeking a relaxation of government supervision, but it need not be allowed to result in any such relaxation. It may, on the contrary, be made to result in a more effective method of national control. The present machinery is as unsatisfactory from the point of view of those who are seeking to make the railroads the agents of the public economic welfare, as from the point of view of those who propose to make the railroads more profitable to their stockholders. The Interstate Commerce Commission is overworked and needs badly a somewhat different organization. It certainly requires personal representation on the boards of directors of the interstate railway systems. The railroads themselves are in favor of federal supervision of the issue of railway securities, provided such supervision can be substituted for the vexatious and wasteful supervision which they are now getting from state commissions. In these and many other respects the whole question as to the proper limits and methods of railway regulation demands reconsideration by an independent public authority. It would remain for the advocates of more regulation, of less regulation, of different regulation, or of national ownership to urge their cases before the commission and secure what support they could for their favorite solution of the existing difficulties. In any event one negative result of the inquiry may be confidently predicted. Public opinion would not stand for any backward step in the work of converting the railroads into national utilities.

IN a recent reference to the dismissal of Edward McCall as chairman of the New York Public Service Commission of the second district, *THE NEW REPUBLIC* did Governor Whitman a manifest injustice. It attributed to him an intention to substitute for a dismissed Commissioner a man who would be appointed chiefly because he was willing to use the office for partisan Republican purposes. The imputation was based on the Governor's previous substitution of a partisan Republican for a very competent and experienced Commissioner, Mr. Maltbie. It has proved to be unfair. Some politics may enter into Oscar Straus's appointment as chairman, but its object certainly cannot be the

distribution of patronage among hungry but deserving Republicans. Mr. Straus is a man who has earned the confidence even of his opponents in politics. His influence on the Commission will increase public confidence in its disinterestedness. In order to complete work so well begun, what Governor Whitman now has to do is to fill any other vacancies which may come about during his term of office with men whose technical qualifications as public utility engineers are as unexceptional as those of Mr. Straus as an experienced administrator.

CHICAGO has once more consulted an expert on the problem of washing its dirty face. It now knows to the last ton how much grime is daily deposited on its virile countenance. It can tell to an ounce the average inhabitant's ration of smoke and the proportions of protein and carbohydrate in its atmosphere. But the whole inquiry is fundamentally disloyal and insincere. Everybody knows that in its secret heart Chicago has not the slightest desire to change its appearance. It is not merely inured to dirt. It would feel naked and indecent without it. It is all very well for effeminate travelers to return with emulous tales of New York's smartness. But Chicago knows better. It has taken years for it to generate a particular tone and flavor. Such things are not lightly parted with. As it is now, the entire Middle West revels in the effluvia of Chicago. It scents it joyously from afar, and young visitors still dream with rapture of walking on the face of the Chicago river. To give this up for insipid cleanliness would be like giving up Pink Marsh for Little Lord Fauntleroy.

AMUNICH professor of archaeology named von Bissing is reported to have said that one of the principal preoccupations of the German government in Belgium is to make sure that the Americans do not use for the benefit of their trade the influence that they have secured over the Belgians through the latter's stomachs. Two things about this dispatch are interesting. The first is that the professor is the son of Baron von Bissing, who is Governor-General of Belgium; the second, that he speaks frankly of a German policy apparently intended to discredit or to weaken the work of the Commission for Relief in Belgium. It is a tribute to the effectiveness of the work of the Commission that the Germans should fear its influence over both Belgian minds and Belgian stomachs, but the tribute is a poor asset from the American point of view. Germany has never understood our philanthropy. She suspects us even when we bear gifts. But what can she do? Either the relief work must stop, or it must be left where it is at present, in American hands. If the Germans choose to stop it they must take the consequences; and those consequences, as

they know, will be serious. They cannot even practice a petty but embarrassing interference, for in that case the work might be ended by the British. There are other parties to the agreement under which the work is carried on than Germany and the Hoover committee. The work must be continued and it must be continued by Americans. It will be time enough after the war to enter into controversies about the effect of the Commission's work on American and German trade with Belgium. When that time comes, questions about Belgian trade will, we hope, be settled by the Belgians themselves.

NO word of ours can add anything to the poignancy of the plea made in the following letter for an immediate and generous response to the needs of the Belgian people. So clear an opportunity to help should appeal to everybody with an open heart and a sensitive conscience. There are, to be sure, many people in the world whose needs and sufferings may be even greater than those of the Belgians, but they cannot all easily be reached and the Belgians can. The work of relief in Belgium has been peculiarly American, because it has been undertaken and most ably carried on by an American organization. Contributions will all reach their mark; they will not result in pauperization, and they will help a little to make a sorely afflicted people believe in the existence of international sympathy and the possible future reality of international obligations.

SIR: May I give two possible answers to the editorial in your issue of December 4th, comparing the generous response of America to the suffering last year with the paltry gifts of to-day, when she as a nation is fattening on the war?

I believe that the many stories of the sufferings of colossal groups of people have dulled our senses. We have lost the power of visualizing the individual in relation to ourselves, and think only in terms of nations, in many cases unknown and far away. This does not fire the imagination to action; the horrors that two years ago were unknown have lost the power to startle us even spasmodically into acts of unselfishness. I believe also that in the very tumult that comes from so many cries for help, America stands inactive because confused. We cannot help the fifty thousand Frenchmen with mutilated faces waiting for operations that will make them "sufficiently presentable to look for work." We wish we had not read the account of the Armenian atrocities, because the story arouses emotions which have no outlet in action. There are so many little children alone in this big world! One day a young Belgian official called my attention to his white hair. "That turned in a month," he said, "because I could not find the parents of frightened children, nor the children of agonized parents."

America hears it all, shivers and cries out that the guilty nation must be crushed. For one winter we gave no banquets, limited our Christmas gifts to the children, and knit scarfs at the opera. Now that new

nations have been dragged into this hell of suffering America has to a great extent resumed her ordinary life, as though when it is a case of millions instead of thousands who suffer we become too bewildered to act at all. It is strange what a sense of accomplishment is obtained from merely talking. To ridicule those who sail forth in fanatical ships, to scold those who talk prematurely of peace and long to "wipe Germany off the map," seems to argue to the average American that he has good red blood in his veins.

Amidst all this confusion of voices there is one clear and distinct call to America. The destitute in Belgium must have clothes, and only goods from a neutral country can enter. The bales of cloth that were piled high in the central depot at Brussels have been used. The looms are silent, for although the Belgians are a nation of weavers the raw material is gone.

The well-to-do in Belgium, like the well-to-do everywhere, have garments on hand. An empty warehouse does not mean immediate suffering for two-thirds of the people, but one-third—three million people—are absolutely destitute, and it is these three million whom the Commission in Belgium have undertaken to clothe.

At the beginning of the war blankets from the Termonde factories, material from all Belgian manufacturing plants, cotton sheeting, hats, boots and stockings were collected in the "Pôle Nord," or large skating rink in Brussels, which was turned into a huge department store. Old and new clothes valued at a million and a quarter came from abroad; the old were fumigated, cut over, and all were added to the stock. All goods in this great storehouse have been in charge of the "Comité Nationale de Secours," who from this center sent them to local distributing stations where they were given out to individuals to make into garments. Up to July last over \$22,000,000 had been given by the Belgians themselves for relief work.

Last spring the Commission and National Committee felt that if the war ended before the second winter, with economical management there was sufficient material in Belgium to clothe the people until December, 1915. Space on the ships was needed for food, and we were told not to send any more clothes. Possibly the receipt of hundreds of evening dresses, thousands of white four-in-hand ties, slippers and long gloves, may have hastened the order.

Mr. Hoover does not want old clothes now, even though the people of Belgium would gladly use them. The sanitary laws are very stringent; old clothes might, in this critical game, cause trouble. Even if fumigation could remove danger, the thoroughness required is too much of a drain on time, space and money. They want material rather than made garments, for the women of Belgium must have work if they are to be kept sane through another year. The strain from the combination of idle hands and hatred in one's soul is what breaks down the nerves of most prisoners. The most hideous physical aspect that strikes a stranger in Belgium to-day is the inactivity. This was the most highly industrialized state in Europe; now the factories are silent, and the land in its stillness is terrible.

Material from which to make clothing, or money to buy material, is the new need of Belgium. The people

want shoes. The exact number of pairs, the exact sizes, are given in the book, "Clothe Belgium and Northern France," that anyone can have for the asking at the Commission for Relief in Belgium, 71 Broadway, New York City. The book tells how many sweaters are needed for boys, how many caps for girls, how many blankets, and exactly where and how to send the packages from each state in the Union.

In a recent letter from Willebroeck, Belgium, the writer says: "The kind of wind that blows across these wet lands below the level of the sea is deadly cold and penetrating, and this weather lasts steadily until into April, with the ground under foot as wet as a sponge and as cold as melting snow. . . . The director of the public school, proud that his school had been reopened, told us that every family sends the brightest child to school with all the clothes there are (some boys were wearing a sister's clothes and some the mother's); the rest of the children must stay in bed or at most in the house near the stove. They may not come on the street in what clothing there is left. . . . There is no begging, and it is against the present etiquette of Belgium to cry. I saw but one woman cry, and that when we gave clothes to her children, and only because she was weak from typhoid fever."

The war has lasted almost too long for this heroic nation.

Belgium still believes in America.

MABEL HYDE KITTREDGE.

New York City.

Germany Stands Pat

THOSE who are agitating for a definition by the belligerents of the terms on which they will make peace need no better vindication than that furnished by the recent speech of the German Imperial Chancellor. For the first time since the war began the political chief of one of the major belligerent nations has made a clarifying official explanation of the attitude and intentions of his government. He has not stated any general basis on which Germany would accept negotiations for peace, but he has published with brutal frankness the general strategic political condition, the recognition of which Germany demands of her enemies before negotiations can be started. As a consequence of his frankness the contrast between the official attitudes of the two belligerents emerges sharply. A beginning has been made in the exposure of those headstrong cross-purposes and those ambiguous and delusive phrases whose existence constitutes an insuperable obstacle to the success of negotiations for peace.

In his speech the Chancellor served notice on the world that Germany stands pat. Like France and Great Britain before the war, she is satisfied with what she has got. Doubtless she does not expect to keep all of her conquests, but if any of her enemies covet any of the conquered territory she defies them

to come and take it. This is not precisely a conciliatory attitude, but it is tangible and specific; it is based upon a formidable array of facts; its meaning is not blurred by obsessions of feeling. It is an admission that the German offensive is spent. Germany is no longer singing hymns of hate. She is no longer seeking a decisive victory. Apparently she is no longer even claiming an indemnity. She realizes her inability to force her enemies to sue for peace. Without ceasing to be warrior she has become a merchant in conquered territories—a merchant who is offering goods for sale and wants to sell them, but who is reconciled and prepared to wait until his possible customers are ready to open negotiations. Germany cannot bring the war to an end, but neither in her opinion can her enemies. She can wait until they come to recognize that the treaty of peace must be the result of a bargain. When they approach her in this state of mind she will tell them how much of the German conquests will be returned and what the price will be.

Thus Germany passes on to the Allies the responsibility for continuing the war. They are not and need not be afraid to assume it. It is a light and innocent burden compared to the responsibility assumed by Germany in beginning the war. But it is an innocent burden only in so far as the fighting is being continued in the interest of justifiable and attainable objects. Some of the proclaimed objects of the Allies are neither justifiable nor attainable. Their spokesmen insist that because Germany forced the war upon them they are right in continuing to fight not merely until the German offensive has been deprived of its fruits, but until Germany herself is compelled to sue for peace. They are attaching to the subjugation of Germany the same halo of righteousness which can be properly attached to resistance against German aggression and its immediate consequences. They are claiming that the advantages to the security of the world which would accrue from the conquest of Germany as compared to those which would accrue from successful resistance to German ambitions are worth as much as the more drastic measure will cost. In our opinion the crushing of Germany is not desirable, because it would prevent rather than provide security for Europe; and even if it were desirable, it is either not attainable or attainable only at an excessive cost. The Allies will be economically and socially ruined before Germany is subjugated. While they need not fear to assume responsibility for continuing the war, the responsibility becomes grievous in case they are not ready to consider peace as soon as Germany can be deprived of any benefit from her enterprise.

The Allies should recognize that the Chancellor has defined the general strategic political situation not only for Germany but for her enemies. In the

end they will have to make some kind of a bargain with Germany. Their inability to enforce peace on their own terms does not condemn them to seek an immediate or a disadvantageous bargain, but it does require them to open a book upon the comparative advantages of war and peace, and to decide what the concrete objects are for which it is worth while to fight. Such a book when it is opened will contain a statement of the specific conditions to which a justifiable peace should conform. The agitators in favor of peace are justified by the facts of the military and political situation in demanding the making of such an audit and its publication. They are not as yet justified in demanding anything more.

Although the attitude of Germany is franker, less deluded and more realistic than that of the Allies, it is still far from being an attitude likely to promote a satisfactory or justifiable peace. Germany does not expect to impose her own terms, but apparently she still expects to secure substantial political and military advantages as the result of her victories. This expectation finds expression in the use by the Imperial Chancellor of phrases quite as ambiguous and sinister as those used by the spokesmen of the Allies. He talks about the guarantees for future security which Germany will be obliged to exact; he insists that the treaty of peace must furnish "a certitude that war will not return." Language of this kind in the mouth of a German official can have only one meaning. It means that as a reward of her victories Germany would seek to make herself impregnable against the attacks of her enemies. It conceals an ominously offensive purpose, an intention to obtain military preponderance in Europe under the cover of phrases about security, self-defense and the certitude of peace. No nation whose territory adjoins that of other nations can be made impregnable against attack by her neighbors without herself becoming so powerful as to threaten their safety and independence. A wholly secure Germany would be bound to create a wholly insecure Europe. Security must be derived from the growth and organization of mutual confidence, not from the organization of mutual suspicions. As long as Germany proposes to insist upon guarantees for her future safety in the treaty of peace she is continuing to subordinate political to military objects. She is committing in a new form the error committed by the Allies when they propose to leave Germany despoiled and helpless in the interest of the ultimate peace of Europe.

The attempt to accomplish any such noble and far-reaching result as the ultimate pacification of Europe by the treaty of peace is hypocritical and impossible. The belligerents should be satisfied with the far humbler object of avoiding in the treaty the direct provocation to future war. What a treaty

can do is to put out of the way certain specific and dangerous controversies between nations or peoples. Sometimes such controversies can be settled by the victory of the better cause, as was the case of the war between Austria and Prussia in 1866, or of our own Civil War. At other times the right is not wholly on one side, and the controversy is not settled but perpetuated by the temporary victory of one nation. The present war originated in precisely such a controversy, although the Germans injured their cause by the overbearing means adopted to promote it. Neither Germany nor Russia can properly claim supremacy in the Balkans and the possession of the gateway to the East. The Balkan states must be encouraged to unite in order to promote their own independence, and Constantinople, as the most valuable site in the political geography of Europe, should not be used for the exclusive advantage of any one Power or group of Powers. These results may not and probably cannot be accomplished by the treaty of peace, but at least the treaty should not create obstacles to their accomplishment. It certainly will create such obstacles, should either one of the belligerents emerge as a complete or even a considerable victor. The loser will be forced to give up something so important that unless the temper of Europe changes, sooner or later the conflict will be renewed. For this reason an inconclusive war and a compromise peace is likely to promote the pacification of Europe more effectively than too much of a victory for either group of belligerents. In that event the failure to settle the controversy by war and the ruinous cost of that failure may induce a better settlement by pacific means. Success or failure for either party will do much more to endanger the security of Europe. If such security is anywhere in sight, it can only be brought nearer by an honest attempt after the war is over to adjust the ambitions and to repair the errors which are responsible for its existence.

Are We Pro-German?

MR. RALPH BARTON PERRY, who addresses us in another column, is a professional philosopher, and to our certain knowledge a good one. It is part of his daily business to use words accurately. Will he then be kind enough to say what the epithet "pro-German" conveys to his mind? The term has become incomprehensible to us. We advocate closer political union with the British Empire. We argue against the propaganda of those who wish to build a navy larger than England's, and urge a navy larger than Germany's. We say that the measure of German ambition in this hemisphere is one of the criteria of American preparedness. We point out that the real argument against an embargo on munitions is the sympathy of

America for the Allies. We support the Anglo-French loan, saying that this country is fortunate in being able to help the cause most of us sympathize with. We were one of the very first journals to follow Colonel Roosevelt in his plea that America should have protested against the violation of Belgium (see "Timid Neutrality," November 14th, 1914). And yet, according to Professor Perry, THE NEW REPUBLIC is pro-German.

What seems to trouble Professor Perry is that after sixteen months of devastating war we prefer to waste as little energy as possible in hating the Germans. So he poses the question: "Is there, or is there not, a moral issue involved in the present war?" There is no need to hesitate over an answer. There is a moral issue, a supreme moral issue. It turns on the question of whether this awful slaughter and waste is to help towards a just and lasting peace. The moral issue is whether we can make the war count for or against a civilized union of the nations. All other questions are trivial or subsidiary compared to that. The guilt of German diplomacy, the ruthlessness of German arms are secondary. The question now is not who started the war, but to what end the fighting is to lead.

The accusation that we are evading the moral issue and becoming "pro-German" has but one excuse. Our accuser is emphasizing the origin of the war, whereas we are emphasizing its purposes and results. This difference of emphasis is what he calls "pro-German," and the only basis for his suspicion is that we have at various times criticized certain statements made by infuriated spokesmen of the Allies. When Frenchmen talk of making the Rhine their frontier; when the Japanese move aggressively against China; when the Italians play a part extremely dubious and selfish; when careless people talk glibly of "carving up" Austria-Hungary or "crushing" Germany, anyone interested in the future of the world has to speak out. For the point to remember is that while a nation may enter the war with clean hands, there is no guarantee that it will emerge with clean hands. We may believe that in July, 1914, the cause of France and England was the cause of humanity. The question now is what will their cause be in July, 1916?

This moral issue is so desperately important, the task of reconstructing the world is so infinitely difficult, that consuming hatred seems to us a luxury. It is the refuge of those who are too angry to think. It is the solace of those who have nothing more helpful to do. There seem to be two groups of people who avoid this impotence of hate. They are the soldiers who have met the enemy, and the non-combatants whose minds are concentrated on the future. The issues are too real for these people to sit at ease and brood on blame and punishment.

"Easy tolerance" . . . "willingness to forget" . . . "intellectualism" . . . It is a world steeped in agony, and those who can bring it nothing but their indignation have little cause to be proud. This is especially true of those members of neutral nations whose life-work it is to use their minds. Never did the world need its coolest thought so much as now. Never did it come with poorer grace that a professional thinker should deride the effort to employ human reason.

The Ways of Industrial Anarchy

AT last we bask in the sunshine of prosperity. It is difficult to recall our state of mind of a year ago, when the arctic night of hard times seemed impenetrable to hope. Then shop after shop was closing its doors, each dragging another after it. The army of the unemployed was growing apace; even the more solid establishments were going on half time; wages reduction was common in non-unionized trades, and even in some of the strongly organized industries the men voted heavily in favor of accepting wages cuts. To-day what a difference. From every part of the country come reports of increasing activity. The iron and steel industries are working overtime; railway construction is beginning to revive; the terminals are clogged with goods profitably moving; building operations are proceeding with assurance, and the industries supplying construction materials are feeling the breath of life. The cry now is of shortage of labor. Wages are rising, and full time and overtime lay practical emphasis upon the fact. Everybody is making money, and everybody is feeling much younger than a year ago. *Gaudeamus igitur.*

And now that we have the benefit of hindsight, we see that there was no valid reason for our discouragement of last year. Any competent prophet could have foretold the prosperity of to-day. War devours iron, and we alone of the great producers of iron found ourselves with plant unimpaired. The war had blown out the stacks of Belgium and northern France. It had choked every foreign outlet for the iron of Germany. British production was handicapped by shortage of labor—inevitable concomitant of active recruiting. Therefore our great metallurgical industries were destined to boom. War devours meat and bread more voraciously than it devours men. High prices for the bulk of our agricultural production were inevitable. War buys but has no time to sell. Hence it was written that foreign gold must flow into our banks, swelling our reserves, already superabundant, and offering a substantial basis for easy credit. All

these facts were known, and it was as easy to deduce coming prosperity from them as it is to deduce the harvest from the seed-time. Yet we groaned bitterly, and went hungry or bankrupt, according to our walk in life. Thank the stars, it is over. And we have only the stars to thank; as to our own merit, the less said of it the better.

All our sufferings of a year ago were needless. They were the penalty of our national incompetence. They were the price of industrial anarchy parading as public liberalism and private initiative. If there was no instant market for our products, why were we not working up stock? Pig iron and steel billets, building materials and coal will keep. Steel rails and structural shapes, rods and wire, were never in the least danger of going out of fashion. Why did we not heap up mountains of them, instead of leaving our labor and equipment to rot and rust? Why did we not proceed vigorously to construct terminal and dockage facilities, the need of which has long been known, while labor and materials were abundant and cheap? Why did we not double-track our railways, where traffic congestion is chronic, and replace our obsolete wooden cars with steel? Why did we not lay down battle-ships then, when the international situation was far more menacing than now, instead of waiting for the penalty of dear materials? A practical people we are, indeed!

Individually we are practical and efficient; collectively we are timid and stupid; and a time of world crisis is a time for collective action. The individual business man was in no position a year ago to involve himself heavily in accumulating stocks. His own capital sufficed only for the normal course of production and sale; with sales interrupted, production had to cease. It would have been otherwise if the credit system had assumed the burden of carrying stocks. But our credit system is still individualistic and invertebrate, and any producer leaning heavily upon it was likely to find its support withdrawn at any transitory flurry. Great economies were within the reach of the railway companies and all manner of developmental enterprises, if they could have drawn upon our abundant sources of floating capital, assured that no difficulty would arise in the matter of renewal of loans until times became favorable for permanent funding. But where could they turn for such assurance? Retrenchment was the safe if profitless policy. It was the safe policy for each, though the disastrous policy for all.

Yet reasonably effective instruments of the collective will were at hand, lying unused. With our central reserve system in operation we were not technically less well equipped than England, with her national bank, to meet an industrial crisis. England

used her machinery; we boasted of ours. England in her agony of war succeeded in keeping up business as usual. We sat calmly by, leaving our business to batter itself upon the rocks. Like England, we pride ourselves upon an industrial system based on individual initiative. But England has proved that she can generate a collective impulse when it is imperatively needed. We have proved ourselves capable of sinking into abject industrial anarchy when the skies seem to frown upon us.

Well, bygones are bygones, are they not? No. We have prosperity now of a kind, but it is of a kind that presages later distress. Prices of materials and intermediate products are rising inordinately. Already it is murmured that pig iron is bound to advance to unprecedented levels. Construction firms are finding difficulty in getting orders booked. Railway companies are canceling large orders for cars and other equipment because of the high price of steel. Public contractors, whose bids have been held up for months by dilly-dallying administrative authorities, are now withdrawing them and submitting higher ones. Our naval program is certain to be retarded by difficulty in securing materials at prices the government will pay. Now is the time when we could use the stocks we should have been accumulating a year ago.

With the rise in materials, all other things must become dearer. We shall chafe once more against the rising cost of living. Wages will go up, but not proportionately, and we shall experience widespread popular unrest. The war will end, and world prices will find a lower level, dragging us down to depression. And this will represent a second instalment of the price we must pay for our late failure to organize a collective industrial will when our individual wills were overborne by events of world magnitude.

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The Age of Iron

THE play of motives in war makes a baffling study in psychology. Nothing seemed clearer when this war broke out than that Germany invaded Belgium for purely strategic reasons. Her armies were turning the fortifications of the eastern frontiers of France and seeking an easy though roundabout way to Paris. Her crime was that she had treated a nation as if it were a road; it was this, and apparently it was not more than this. As the war went on one began to doubt this obvious and relatively charitable explanation. In the first place the military strategy was questionable. The real issue, if one might trust the German *Deutschrift*, was the future development and security of the German Powers in the East. The stake was the mastery of the Balkans and of Turkey beyond them, and the real enemy was Russia. A strategy appropriate to this political purpose would have sought a prompt and crushing military decision against Russia. France might have been held with relatively small forces on the line of Vosges, Belgium need never have been invaded, and the German armies might have reached the Vistula as rapidly as they reached the Marne. In a war conducted on these lines Great Britain would not have intervened promptly, and had she intervened, the country would have been as sharply divided as it was during the Boer War, though Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill would probably have succeeded in the end in creating a coalition party for war.

Why was this natural and obvious strategy rejected? Hitherto the answer usually given among us was that this blundering, brutal, unpolitical strategy was merely what one might expect from a country dominated by its army. We are apt to exaggerate the power of the German military caste. It was not from it but from the industrial and colonial party that the ambition for world power and colonial expansion sprang. It was this school, with Admiral von Tirpitz at its head, which proposed Calais as the chief objective of the campaign in France, for Calais means the ability to operate in the Atlantic and the power to compete with Britain for a colonial empire. Through Belgium lay the natural road to Calais. The apparent stupidity involved in the occupation of Belgium vanishes when one realizes that the naval-colonial party was really acquiring a strategic point for a greater world-struggle in the future. But there was another and even simpler reason for the occupation of Belgium, and this was not strategical but economic. Belgium contains a rich coal-field,

and the north of France has not only coal-fields but invaluable mines of iron ore. These mineral riches are advanced to-day by German industrialists as a reason why Belgium and the north of France must be permanently annexed. It is probable enough that in the desire to possess these great resources lay the real motive for the march through Belgium. For years the general staff had prepared its projects of invasion. When we ask why none of the middle-class parties in Germany protested during the calm years of peace against these plans as the Socialists did, the answer may very well be that they reckoned coldly on something more permanent than a momentary strategical advantage.

It is impossible to read the confidential memorandum which six of the most powerful industrial and agrarian leagues addressed to the German Chancellor last May without harboring this suspicion. The full text as it appeared in *L'Humanité* for August 11th, 1915, is a startling self-revelation of the predatory mind. These people, be it remembered, are not soldiers, and their state of mind is not militarism but capitalism. They have pondered maturely on the question—does conquest pay, and they think they have found the answer. Their program is the annexation of all Belgium, the French departments of Calais and the north, and French Lorraine. But that is not all. They insist that all the great industrial undertakings of this large and populous region must pass into the actual ownership of Germans, the railways, canals, mines and even the landed estates. They do not go so far as to suggest that the conquerors should expropriate the present owners without compensation, but they have an ingenious scheme for shifting the burden to the enemy's shoulders. The compensation must be paid not by Germany which acquires this territory, but by France which loses it.

It has always seemed to me that Mr. Norman Angell, in spite of the brilliant illumination which he has thrown on the economics of war and peace, ignored the vast gains which the propertied classes draw from war, imperialism and the armed peace. Their investments in the tropics, their economic tribute from India and Egypt, their exploitation of concession areas and spheres of influence, represent a direct return from the accumulation and use of naval and military power. About one-fourth of the income of the British propertied class is derived from investments overseas, and for these investments our navy is the indispensable insurance. A little war which wins Egypt or Burmah means direct profit to the contractors, the bondholders, the

land syndicates and oil trusts which exploit these regions. Mr. Angell is profoundly in the right when he argues that such conquests do not enrich a nation, but undoubtedly they may enrich a nation's propertied and governing class. In one sphere, however, socialistic critics were not inclined to dispute Mr. Angell's doctrine. I used myself to argue that his doctrine was absolutely true in its application to any completely developed area with an old civilization. It would not pay to conquer Lancashire or the Rhine district, because they are already fully capitalized. The conqueror could not invest in them and could not exploit them. An imperialistic capitalism turns to undeveloped countries, to cities without banks and routes without railways, partly because they are easier to conquer, but chiefly because they can absorb capital. In the face of this German program we must all revise our theories. If a conquering Germany could appropriate the capitalists of a conquered Belgium and France and take over all their organized industry at the cost of the vanquished, the adventure would be vastly more profitable to the German middle classes than any conceivable expansion in China, Africa, or Turkey. The German masses would have paid the price in blood and taxation, nor would they ever share in the wage-list of the stolen mines. But German capitalists might indeed reckon on "wealth beyond the dreams of avarice."

The critical reader may at this point enter certain objections: the military power of Germany is not equal to the accomplishment of such a program; the world would never tolerate such naked robbery; France, if she were utterly crushed, would be unable to pay the indemnity; the cost of holding down this country would more than eat up the profits of exploiting it; finally, the German government is neither so ruthless nor so unwise as these capitalist leagues, and the Socialists (not to mention the Delbrück-Dernburg school) may be trusted to oppose them. All these objections are sound. The program cannot be realized, and for my part I am sure that the German Chancellor never entertained it. The fact remains that this project did and does inspire the dreams of the German capitalistic world. This project and others like it have formed their policy, shaped their dreams of world-power, and governed their unflinching support of a policy of great armaments. For a year past the whole English-speaking world has been discussing Prussian militarism and tracing it to the professors. Its real backing came rather from the conscious organized force of these capitalistic associations. For them militarism meant business, and they are now demanding the profits on their investment. When Prince Bülow challenged the German Socialists to

the direct test of an election on the straight issue of militarism and imperialism, the funds for the electoral operations of his Liberal-Conservative coalition were openly found by the big metallurgical trade organizations (Cartels). They assessed their members so that each employer contributed a mark for every workman he employed. The workman might vote for Bebel, but his master's shilling balanced his vote.

In all this capitalistic organization of German militarism and imperialism it was the industrialists of the metal trades that led. They form the backbone of the National Liberal party, which from the black country of the lower Rhine has dominated German foreign policy from the days of Bismarck downwards. One reason was that their industry made a great profit from armaments, but that was not the only reason. Once before the German iron industry all but involved Europe in war. It wanted Morocco, because Morocco contains a great store of admirable iron ore; and here of course the motives of the French colonial party were the same and their morals no better. To-day it demands Belgium as yesterday it demanded Morocco. I do not want to exaggerate. It would be absurd to say that the Kaiser made his declaration of war because the Rhine trusts want French and Belgian coal and iron. But it is the sober truth that on the German side the whole policy which set Europe in two armed camps and so exasperated the struggle for a Balance of Power that it flamed into war, was motivated by the expectation of German capitalists that war would bring them concrete gains. Without the support of these National Liberal capitalists von Tirpitz could not have made his navy, and it was only the concessions of the Mannesmann Brothers which kept alive the German interest in Morocco. The driving motive of modern militarism is economic. Ours is the age of iron.

Lest it should seem that this article points a one-sided moral, it is necessary to indicate that the capitalistic strategy of the Allied countries is also busy with the problem, how can victory be made to pay? The wilder extremists in France have talked of conquering the German Rhine country. Our own imperialists reckon on retaining the German colonies and on acquiring Mesopotamia. But these are small gains. The real answer is to be sought in the various projects for destroying or laming the competition of German industry in the world's markets. Comprehensive schemes have been published by the Italian review, *Nuova Antologia*; Dr. Dillon and even Mr. Wells have made suggestions. If an ambition to secure coal and iron fields lay beneath German chauvinism and subconsciously prepared the middle-classes for war, the

parallel motive in this country and in Russia was trade jealousy. The anti-German feeling in England was in its origins little more than a phase of our protectionist movement. Even in Russia the simple old-world Pan-Slavist motive, which aspires to the domination of the Balkans and the conquest of Constantinople, and the allied Slavophil motive, which sees in Germany the home of Western progress and free-thought, were reinforced by an economic motive. Apart altogether from the Balkan tangle, Russo-German relations were overshadowed last year by the imminence of a great tariff dispute. The commercial treaties fell to be renewed before 1916, and the small but influential world of Russian industrialism was already agitating for "liberation" from German domination, by which it meant the closing of the frontier to

German goods with which the artificial, immature industry of Russia could not compete. The struggle had lasted only a few weeks when M. Bark, the Russian Minister of Finance, proposed in an interview in the *Paris Matin* that after the peace, all the Allied nations should continue the war against Germany on the economic plane by penal tariffs and international boycotts. War is a merciless revealer of motives. The predatory ambitions and commercial jealousies which cloak themselves during peace find in war their unashamed expression. War brings us our chance to see in its nakedness the world in which we live. European militarism is a savage survival which modern capitalism has adapted to its own purposes.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

London.

Remy de Gourmont

THE recent death of Remy de Gourmont evoked little comment in England and America. In this crisis of the world's history the quiet departure from life of a literary man in Paris might indeed seem an insignificant event. One doubts, however, if it would have been very different even in normal times. Gourmont has sometimes been compared with Anatole France, and these two writers, however they may have held aloof from each other—the Parisian bookseller's son and the Norman of old aristocratic family—represented the fundamental French qualities in a greater degree than any other Frenchmen of recent times. Both approaching the world from an almost professionally bookish point of view—for Gourmont was not only the descendant of famous sixteenth century printers but at the outset an assistant librarian at the Bibliothèque Nationale—and both great masters of language, they both slowly acquired a vivid personal interest in life, both became daring sceptics yet cheerful optimists, and both alike have been consummate ironists. But here the resemblance ends. Anatole France, with a more limited range, concentrated himself on the story-telling form of literature, and by that concentration has obtained a great and legitimate success; he has also, in a way that was impossible to the more deeply sceptical Gourmont, taken a definite side in the questions of his own day, and along both these lines has come into close touch with the man in the street. Gourmont, whose genius was of more daring and more masculine quality, throughout his whole life yet held himself aloof from the world in which he was so passionately interested. He was indeed always a recluse,

who never took part or sought to take part in any public functions. Only once was his name ever prominently before the larger public; that was when, while still a young man and a government official, he wrote an article entitled "Patriotism the Plaything," advocating a reconciliation between France and Germany, whereupon such an outcry arose that the government of the day deemed it desirable to dismiss him from the public service. From that time Remy de Gourmont, whose personal life was always simple, regular, and unobtrusive, lived chiefly in his own little apartment, at first in the Rue du Bac, where he would sit at work at his desk in a monk's frock surrounded by his books, and afterwards somewhat more commodiously but still on the same left bank of the Seine close to the quays, in the quiet Rue des Saints-Pères where he remained until the end.

He was from its inception actively associated in the direction and the connected publicity activities of the *Mercure de France*, the most vital, alert, and comprehensive of the world's literary reviews, and probably had a hand in every number of that review until its temporary suspension on the outbreak of the war. In 1903, as his interests ever grew less purely literary, he started on his own account a review of wider range, the *Revue des Idées*, devoted to science, philosophy, and general criticism, in which he was able to publish a great variety of valuable studies by eminent authorities in many fields. His reputation slowly increased both in France and abroad, to a special degree in the Latin countries. Those who had the privilege of knowing him and were best able to follow his development could not fail to realize that his individuality was

ever growing stronger, his outlook wider, his criticism more penetrating, his philosophic and moral outlook more pronounced and assured. This development proceeded, however, with no sudden and startling shocks. It is not surprising that, while the books of Anatole France are easily accessible in English, of the thirty-seven or more volumes which Gourmont published only one has so far been with difficulty introduced to the English reader, though that volume, admirably rendered, "A Night in the Luxembourg," is the most brilliant of his philosophic fantasies.

We need not dispute the justice of the popularity which Anatole France has achieved. At the same time it should be recognized that Remy de Gourmont's spirit was of wider scope and deeper penetration. At the outset, indeed, his interests appeared narrowly literary, highly specialized, even esoteric. This is indicated by the writers who seem chiefly to have influenced his early efforts, Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Flaubert in "The Temptation of St. Anthony," Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Huysmans, Maeterlinck. Moreover, in his early, more imaginative work, and to some extent throughout—as also in the work of Anatole France—we are conscious of a cloistered quality, an inspiration that proceeds from literature rather than from life, the creative effort of a parthenogenetic energy. Gourmont himself seems to have realized this, for he entitled one of his earliest imaginative works "Sixtine: A Romance of the Cerebral Life." His first important literary work and the longest of his books "Le Latin Mystique," was an elaborate and scholarly study of the monkish mystical poets of the Middle Ages. But the whole of Gourmont's mental growth throughout a quarter of a century was away from this cloistered and bookish seclusion, towards nature, the open air, simplicity, and the delicate and ever enchanting play of the human heart and intelligence. We see this plainly in his later stories, such as "Un Cœur Virginal," and in such of his poems as the charming "Simone" series. It is even more clearly seen in the freely ranging discussions of a long series of studies, more or less loosely associated in his books, over the most various fields of life and thought. An immense erudition is always perceptible, but it is henceforth subordinated to fruitful discussion and reflection.

Throughout this process we may observe how Gourmont's classical attitude becomes more clearly affirmed. The French genius has from time to time turned towards romanticism and thereby been enriched, but it is fundamentally classic; instinctively following, that is to say, the paths of simplicity and clarity, of order and self-control. Gourmont began his career under predominantly romantic in-

fluences; there was a certain violence in his sensibilities—wherein we may perhaps trace the primitive Norman—which predisposed him to such influences. But the fundamentally classical temperament in him ever became more firmly pronounced. Herein he has been true to the best and most ancient traditions of France, and may well stand before us as the most complete representative in our time of the essential French spirit.

It is characteristic of Gourmont's searching and inquisitive nature that his transition to the wider questions of life may be said to have been effected by his impulse to probe into literary problems, into the history of words and the nature of style. We see this transition effected in his volume, "Esthétique de la Langue Française." A little later, in "La Culture des Idées" and "Le Chemin de Velours," he is frankly emancipated from merely literary preoccupations and ranges freely in the realm of ideas, among the problems of philosophy and morals. A little later still we find him grappling with the most difficult problem of physiological psychology, especially in his book on the sexual instinct, "Le Physique de l'Amour." The treatment of such a subject by one who had no training in biology could scarcely be altogether adequate; Gourmont's discussion is too individual for a scientific topic, but his penetrating sagacity, wide knowledge, and daring frankness of presentation still render this a notable book.

Henceforth Gourmont's philosophic and literary activities proceeded side by side. Volumes of the "Promenades Philosophiques" and the "Promenades Littéraires" would appear alternately. To many if not indeed to most of his readers, however brilliant and suggestive the first series of volumes, it is the second series which gives most satisfaction. For in criticism he was a supreme and unquestionable master, whose hand was ever firm, delicate, and unfaltering, equally so whether he was dealing with his own contemporaries or with the dawn of literature. He was not only a critic of books but a great critic of life. This we see especially in the volumes, all belonging to the later years, entitled "Epilogues" and "Dialogues des Amateurs," which are mostly comments, often of a highly caustic character, on events of the day. Some may imagine that Gourmont was not interested in morals, but to be interested in life, as he was, ("The wise man has only one country, Life," he said) is necessarily to be concerned with morals. He was well aware that "virtue is only beautiful if one never talks of it," but he was none the less a moralist, of however individual a type, perpetually examining and analyzing human action; and with the critic of literature it is probably the critic of life in his books that gives them deepest and most abiding interest.

When Remy de Gourmont died on the twenty-ninth of September last, he was in his fifty-eighth year. It has been said that he was killed by the war. That is scarcely true. His health, which had never been robust, was already failing when he left Paris, a month before the war broke out—and “very innocently,” as he put it—for his beloved Normandy, and in the disturbed state of the country he was too much of an invalid to be able to travel back to Paris until October. At this point begins his last book, a kind of diary, “*Pendant l’Orage*.” It is only too easy to see here how deeply he had been hit by the war. A few years earlier, in one of his “*Dialogues des Amateurs*,” he had made his alter ego, M. Desmaisons, say to his friend M. Delarue: “I should not dislike a new Deluge.” “Can you swim?” asks M. Delarue. “No, but I would take refuge in the Mountains of Irony; I would remain faithful to my philosophy, which is to contemplate the movements of life with an innocent eye.” The innocent eye is

here, but we are very far indeed from the Mountains of Irony in these simple grief-laden notes in which the great critic sets down impressions of the day which are scarcely distinguishable from those of his most ordinary fellow citizens. He has abandoned his radiant and challenging individualism. He no longer exclaims, as of old: “A man must be himself. If he is a German, let him be very German.” Now it seems to him that “between my present and my past there is a curtain of mist which with a gesture I sometimes try to dissipate”; it seems to him indeed that the past has never existed, and that he is merely a phantom floating in the air. Every rich and vigorous nature must sometimes fall into inconsistencies, and Gourmont was often inconsistent. But this great final inconsistency in the face of a desolated world was one which surely he would not himself have corrected even if he could, and none will account it to him ever as a weakness.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

Anglo-German Negotiation in 1914

TO the student of world politics the most puzzling feature in the immediate antecedents of the present great war has been the undeniable fact that the German government completely misjudged the attitude of England. Germany’s gross miscalculation is all the more strange since the ordinary man in the street, though lacking the full knowledge of the interested chancellories, realized at once that considerations of honor and interest would not permit England to remain aloof. The explanation of Wilhelmstrasse’s blunder is apparently to be found in the still only partially disclosed negotiations of 1912 to 1914 for an Anglo-German settlement.

Since the opening of the century British foreign policy has been dominated by the German menace, and its primary aim has been to avert a general European war. Realizing the narrow margin by which such a calamity had been escaped during the Morocco crisis of 1911, the British government sought to prevent a recurrence of the peril by bringing about an understanding with Germany. Lord Haldane’s mission of 1912 to Germany was fruitless in so far as England was unable to secure an agreement for the mutual limitation of naval armaments. Subsequent efforts to this effect were equally barren. Nor could any formal general agreement be reached, primarily because the terms suggested by Germany would have meant England’s forsaking her diplomatic friends, France and Russia, and allowing Germany a free hand in Europe.

But the assurances given by England that none of her international arrangements contemplated aggressive action against Germany paved the way for comparatively friendly relations, which manifested themselves during the Balkan wars in coöperation for maintaining the peace of Europe. In addition to this there were initiated in 1912 negotiations for a settlement of all the controversies between England and Germany in the colonial sphere. As in the case of the preceding agreements with France and Russia, the British Foreign Office was evidently determined, even if some sacrifice were involved, to dispose of these irritating questions, which in their unsettled state might have consequences entirely disproportionate to their intrinsic importance. As Hans Delbrueck wrote at the time, “It cannot be doubted that since the fear of almost certain war during last summer, England is honestly ready to accord us a large and good place in the sun.” Only scant official information about these negotiations has been divulged, but enough is available to permit a positive statement that they were continued by England in this spirit, and that they had been brought to a definite conclusion in the summer of 1914, a few weeks before the outbreak of the war. At that time there were outstanding between England and Germany no unsettled questions beyond, as has been tersely said, that of the very existence of the British Empire itself. When, on receipt of England’s ultimatum about Belgium, the German Secretary of State ex-

pressed "poignant regret at the crumbling of his entire policy and that of the Chancellor," he evidently had in mind these concluded agreements.

These referred to the two regions where German colonial ambitions conflicted with vital interests of the British Empire, Asiatic Turkey and Africa. In Turkey the disagreement arose from the fact that the construction of an extensive system of railroads under German control would place Germany on the flank of both routes to India, the shorter one by Suez and the longer one by the Cape. Hence for years the exclusively German control of the proposed extension of the unfinished Bagdad railroad to the vicinity of the Persian Gulf had been opposed by England. On June 29, 1914, the day after the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand at Serajevo, Sir Edward Grey gave the House of Commons the main outlines of the settlement of this complex matter. While apparently safeguarding the economic and defensive interests of the British Empire, this arrangement gave Germany practically a free hand in the economic exploitation of this potentially important region. The chief champion of the Bagdad railway scheme hailed the settlement as a great German triumph. In return for a recognition by Turkey of the *status quo* in the Persian Gulf, England, in addition to other important concessions in Mesopotamia, agreed to a German extension of the Bagdad railway to Basra, a deep-water port on the Shatt-al-Arab, some sixty miles from the Persian Gulf proper.

Concurrently an agreement was concluded in reference to Africa. Here the ambitions of the two nations were apparently irreconcilable. The British plan, frustrated in 1894 by the opposition of Germany and France but still deeply cherished by many, was to link up South Africa with the Soudan and Egypt. Germany's aim was to join her separated possessions on the eastern and western coasts into one compact mass dominating the entire centre of Africa from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In 1912, when the negotiations about this African impasse were initiated, Hans Delbrueck stated that a rearrangement of the African map such as would make forever impossible Cecil Rhodes's scheme of a Cape to Cairo railroad, "would be the strongest proof imaginable that England recognized us as having equal colonial rights with herself." It is not quite clear that the Liberal government, in its efforts to prevent war, went to this extreme length, but it is unquestionable that important concessions were made. Writing of this agreement, so ardent an expansionist as Paul Rohrbach declared that in Africa English policy had shown itself to a surprising degree accomodating. So conciliatory was the attitude towards Germany that the British government has apparently waived whatever moral ad-

vantage might accrue from these now abortive agreements, from fear of arousing disunion within the body politic. L. J. Maxse of the *National Review* has roundly characterized both the Mesopotamian and the African settlement as a betrayal of British interests, and so undoubtedly would they appear to be to many others of a far less chauvinistic temperament.

England's conciliatory policy was completely misunderstood in Germany. This was the inevitable result of the political doctrines dominant there. According to the German philosophy of force, peace cannot be the legitimate goal of policy, and a manifest desire to avert war is necessarily a confession of weakness. Concessions made by one state to another, according to these doctrines, are an infallible indication of the decadence of the state that yields anything of potential value. Thus the more England tried to placate Germany, the more difficult became a permanently durable settlement of the fundamental issue, and the more convinced did the German government become that a spiritless British government would not dare draw the sword, and that England could be ignored in the impending conflict.

This raises a nice point in international ethics. To what extent, if any, was the Liberal government responsible for this delusion and thus for bringing on war? There is of course not the least question or evidence of any conscious purpose to mislead, nor does any moral blame rest upon the British government for its conciliatory policy. Similarly, Sir Edward Grey cannot be censured if, in the fateful twelve days preceding the war, the German government refused to heed his solemn warnings and preferred to trust to its own erroneous preconceptions. But if the British government's hands were absolutely clean, its head was not to the same extent clear, and blunders have at times more dire consequences than have crimes. Some of the members of the Liberal Cabinet, especially Lord Haldane, were intimately acquainted with the Frederickian tradition and might have realized the inflaming effect of unilateral concessions upon minds imbued with the idea that the state is power. On the other hand, the course of stiffnecked opposition seemed even less likely to avert the calamity. Furthermore, the statements of ultra-pacifists in British public life were a constant encouragement to the aggressive party in Germany. If, as the Kaiser's confidential adviser on Eastern questions, Professor Schiemann, states, Mr. Charles Trevelyan assured him on February 18, 1913, that England would under no circumstances wage war and that a ministry which undertook to make preparations for war would at once be deposed, his is a grave responsibility.

As is plain now, the mistake that the British government made in its desire to avert war did not consist in its more than conciliatory policy toward Germany, but in its total lack of adequate military preparations. England had many warnings of Germany's aggressive intentions, not only in a vast literature designating the British Empire as the barrier to Germany's legitimate development, but in the government's unmistakable actions. It showed but little insight into the existing military conditions not to realize that in a European war England would not only have to maintain her naval supremacy, but would have to engage as never before in a land war of unlimited liabilities if the British Empire was to survive intact. But the Liberal government confined itself merely to maintaining the relative superiority of the fleet, and treated with scorn all those who demanded adequate army preparations. Upon Lord Roberts's aged head was heaped constant contumely on account of his warnings as to the urgency of national military service.

It is easy to be wise after the event, whereas at the time a correct decision was exceedingly difficult. Adequate military preparations might have been deemed provocative in Germany. But such a conclusion could not legitimately have been drawn if, in the full view of the public eye, a policy of preparedness had been joined to the policy of conciliation. Both elements were necessary to preserve peace on an enduring basis of international goodwill. Preparedness alone might have maintained peace, but the ill-will would have remained. Conciliation without adequate military force could not but defeat its purpose.

This failure of English policy to prevent war illustrates admirably the fundamental fallacy of pacifist teaching. According to the current proverb, it takes two to fight, but it is equally true that it takes two to keep the peace, for if one is unalterably bent upon exercising his will, the other has no practical alternative but to fight in self-defence. England acted according to the approved pacifist program, but this only made the conflict more probable, since it convinced Germany that England might safely be ignored. To the extent that the Liberal government, despite the best of intentions, failed in time to prepare against Germany's onslaught on the freedom and liberties of Europe, England must bear a certain degree of negative responsibility for the war. It is a responsibility of an entirely different nature and extent from that of Germany, and may be compared to the culpability of the individual who thoughtlessly subjects those of self-confessed aggressive purposes to temptation.

GEORGE LOUIS BEER.

In Praise of Footbinding

A BARBAROUS custom, you call it. Barbarous it cannot be, since it has never prevailed among barbarians and only became established in the oldest and maturest civilization in the world. What you mean is that footbinding is painful, unnatural. It is indeed painful, exquisitely painful. But one of the measures of civilization is pain. Central Africa has no tortures so intense as those endured in New York or London. Footbinding is unnatural, true; but how much of civilization is natural? When the medical missionaries first exhibited by X-ray photographs the inside of a bound foot I was shocked, I admit. All those little bones distorted, twisted, run together in spongy masses—ugh! You would be shocked, too, if you could see X-ray photographs of the inside of some of your own women's minds. Soon, however, you would recover from the shock as I did. Civilization cares nothing for the inside, so the externals are fair. My lady's lily foot, your lady's lily mind: these are altogether lovely, so far as you and I can see. We shall leave it to the specialist to fret over what lies within.

A barbarous custom? Let us look to the real ways of the barbarians as they are recorded in the venerable Ghin texts, over two thousand years old. In those ancient days the wild Chô-su tribes roamed over the slopes of Altai. It is written that the Chô-su thought it sacrilege to add to the disabilities that God had imposed upon the female sex. Therefore men and women dressed alike, fared alike, joined equally in the chase, went side by side into battle, shared equally in deliberations and decisions even of greatest import. And sometimes the wife proved more skilful in the chase or more valiant in war than her husband, and often and often a woman's voice prevailed in the tribal councils. These were true barbarians.

Two thousand years ago your own ancestors were barbarians, very like the Chô-su. They too were content with the disabilities imposed upon women by God. But little by little you have become more civilized and have added steadily to the disabilities of woman. She may no longer dress like you, exercise freely like you. You do not let her say and hear many of the things you say and hear; many things you desire to know you seek to prevent her from knowing. From the chase, from war, from tribal councils, you exclude her altogether. You do not bind her feet; not yet. But you are new to civilization and inexperienced in science of means and ends. By your clumsy methods you have succeeded in improving a small fraction of your women in the degree appropriate to a high civilization. Bind their feet and you will succeed with all of them.

You shrink from the cruelty of footbinding. It is not cruel, since it is for the good of all, women as well as men. It is painful—for child and parents. You suppose that we in China do not love our daughters, but only our sons? It is not true. We are a tender-hearted people, and after the first chill of disappointment our hearts grow very warm to the wee pale sprites that have come to share our lives. I have a little daughter of my own, and, while I write this at my ease, somewhere in China my little girl sits mournfully on a mat, gripping her knees with her tiny hands as if this would stop the aching. The twinges reach me here, through ten thousand miles of space. "A barrel of tears for each pair of bound feet," says the proverb. That is an exaggeration. My little girl wept at first, bitterly, but soon she dropped into silent despair. It was an unusually difficult case because we began late. In my family we have always begun to bind at three. But my wife would plead, "A few days more for the little twinkling feet." "It will be all the harder," I would grumble. "This hopping about makes the feet big and sensitive." But she was such a merry bird-like little thing, and at our first attempts to put on the tight bandages she made such piteous gestures with her chubby arms, as if despairing of the world since we could be so cruel, that we put it off far too long. But the worst is over now. There has been little sleep under my roof for the last year. A barrel of tears? Yes, but they were the mother's.

Footbinding is a harsher duty now than it was a generation ago, for then it was never questioned. But now we have a great number of irresponsible young men of good family who have been abroad, or have read foreign books. They are like your parlor revolutionaries; their constant song is, "All this must go; requirement of offspring, reverence for parents, sound education, footbinding, all must go." No man of sense pays any attention to their paradoxes. Except when you have lain awake night after night listening to a sobbing child. Then the demon of doubt prompts you to ask yourself, "What if it is unnecessary? What if footbinding must go?" These new ideas are but a pest to afflict parents in the performance of their difficult duties. Footbinding cannot go. "The natural foot" that the reformers prate about, what is it but a fad? It will work its transitory mischief and disappear.

Superficial occidental writers assert that the bound foot is to be explained by a perverted aesthetic sense in the male sex. This is to miss its deep spiritual significance. The bound foot is the condition of a life of dignity for man, of a life of contentment for woman. Let me make this clear. I am a Chinese fairly typical of my class. I pored

too much over classic texts in my youth and dimmed my eyes, narrowed my chest, crooked my back. My memory is not strong, and in an old civilization there is a vast deal to learn before you can know anything. Accordingly among scholars I cut a poor figure. I am timid, and my voice plays me false in gatherings of men. But to my footbound wife, confined for life to her house except when I bear her in my arms to her palanquin, my stride is heroic, my voice is that of a roaring lion, my wisdom is of the sages. To her I am the world; I am life itself. As you see me I seem little and weak, but as my wife sees me I am colossally great. Therefore life seems good to me. I need not go forth to strive on the battlefield, nor to seek even more difficult glory in the arts of peace. Life seems good to my wife also. All the petty services she undertakes for me are satisfying to her because they are illuminated by my greatness. All her unending labors in caring for my children are agreeable to her because these children have the seed of greatness in them.

Every man in all the world desires to be a hero; every woman in the world desires to be the wife of a hero. In China, thanks to footbinding, these desires are realized. How is it with you? I have often sought light on this question. How is it possible for Americans and Europeans to seem great men in the eyes of their big, fine, active wives? As I find it the custom among you to discuss such subjects freely, I am wont to put the question directly: "Are you a great man in your wife's estimation?" "Of course," you reply, but your eyelids droop and I am puzzled. If I am questioning a lady I ask, "Does your husband really seem a great man to you?" "Of course," she replies, but she opens her eyes very wide and I am still more puzzled. To be great men to such wives as I have seen in western lands, that is what you call a big contract! It would be different if you were all so robust and eagle-eyed as some of the Rocky Mountain men, who, like the old Chô-su, believe it a sacrilege to add to the disabilities imposed upon the female sex by God. But you men of the cities look to me very much like Chinese. How are you able to play the superior part proper to the head of a civilized household?

I surmise that you realize your predicament and are taking active measures to strengthen your position against further weakening. You are beginning to see the necessity of standing for the civilized ideal of woman affected with more disabilities than God had intended. As a representative of a much riper civilization, I may assure you with authority that you are on the right track. I cannot give similarly unqualified approval to the means you employ. You deny woman the ballot, handicap her in pro-

fessional life, discriminate against her in industry, belittle her intellectual achievements, or, if these are too palpably solid, you cry down the value of her personality. So far, good. But the dangerous barbaric spirit of independence among women can-

not be held in check merely by throwing barriers across one and another avenue of expression. What you need for the civilizing of women is a simple and radical strategy. Bind their feet.

SUH-HO.

CORRESPONDENCE

In Praise of Strong Feeling

SIR: As one of those whose admiration for THE NEW REPUBLIC is qualified by an unwelcome sense of its "pro-Germanism," I cannot refrain from saying that your editorial of December 4th leaves me less satisfied than ever. That this feeling on the part of some of your readers has nothing to do with the journalistic peculiarities of the *Boston Transcript*, or with the provincialism of "comfortable Boston," you must know as well as I. The question, as I understand it, comes to this: Is there or is there not a moral issue involved in the present war? If there is not, then we in America may remain detached and dispassionate, and may confine our attention to what comes after it. If there is such a moral issue, then it is humanly impossible that our passions should not be aroused. In moral matters there is no judging without feeling. Those who judge that in the present war the cause of the Allies is also the cause of humanity and of justice will feel as they judge. And in proportion to their concern for humanity and justice they will feel strongly and deeply. It is unfortunate that one cannot love humanity and justice without hating inhumanity and injustice. But there is no escape from moral indignation save in apathy or in sentimentalism.

It may be that the act of war would be a less effective means of serving one's cause than some more indirect means. It may be that one cannot go to war even if one wished, since war is a matter of nations and not of individuals. When one's feelings and one's actions are so divided one cannot be happy, though one may be honest. I agree that it is ignominious. But if one has convictions and feelings and cannot deal blows for them, shall one then put away one's convictions and feelings?

Does not the editor of THE NEW REPUBLIC occasionally suffer from such ignominy? Has he perhaps allowed himself to feel resentment at Turkey's treatment of the Armenians, or at Georgia's treatment of Leo Frank, or at the reckless driver who kills a child for the joy of speeding, or at the rich who grind the poor, and found himself unable to do more than talk or write? If so he should be able to sympathize with the impotent emotion of those who resent the course of Germany in this war and pray for the victory of her enemies.

There is but one consolation for such ignominy. In the long run passion will get itself instruments of expression and make itself effective; whereas this easy tolerance, this "willingness to forget" which THE NEW REPUBLIC urges will never inspire anything but a shallow opportunism.

Those who suspect THE NEW REPUBLIC of "pro-Germanism" have not been able to convert their minds into "a clearing-house of fact and opinion." They do not merely hold the opinion that Germany deserves moral condemnation; they condemn Germany. And they have not reached the pitch of intellectualism and magnanimity which permits THE NEW REPUBLIC to regard moral condemnation as a "trivial attitude."

RALPH BARTON PERRY.

Boston.

Peace at Any Reasonable Price

SIR: Your editorial "War at Any Price" is a very interesting example of the essential unfairness that often arises from an overstrained impartiality. In demanding that the Allies and Germany define their aims with a view to a prompt peace, you ignore the essential fact that only Germany can readily define her aims. Her aims are material—military and commercial. They could easily be formulated. What her Chancellor has repeatedly called guarantees of security could be expressed in terms of armies, navies, and tariffs.

France and England are battling for the right to exist as independent nations. This right can be secured either by the success of their arms against German aggression, by a favorable change of the German mind, or by both. These are conditions which cannot readily be phrased as terms of peace. Let us examine them.

On the supposition that the German mind does not change, there is no safety for the Allies short of a crushing victory, and probably rather little in that. The more sensible Englishmen and Frenchmen who talk about crushing Germany do so in despair of her bettering her moral attitude. In this they are entirely lucid. They see that there is no real solution in a Germany merely checked. Here they and I take sharp issue with your article. I cannot believe that the relative failure of the German plan of conquest will work any radical change in the thinking of her ruling class. They will lay the ill chance to some technical defect which can be remedied another time. Of course if the Allies cannot do better, they will have to put up with a draw. But they will do so with the clear perception that such a peace belongs to the class which the greatest of German philosophers might characterize as mere truces. So certain is this that I feel that even were the Allies not headed, as they seem to be, toward eventual victory, but doomed to utter defeat, they would do well to go down fighting. They can never hope to fight on better terms, and there would be no point in dragging out the world tragedy of their downfall. In short, if the war is to be pressed to a military conclusion, the Allies must make root and branch work. Their leaders have formulated this aim into complete precision.

Of course the only morally satisfactory conclusion of the war would be a kind of conversion of Germany—a Germany penitent and ready to make amends. This is the devout hope of all idealists who have not wholly lost their heads. It has been expressed by many of the best of France and England. But the Allies cannot possibly forecast the conditions under which such a conversion will take place. They can only recognize it as a fact when it occurs. No reasonable person doubts that they would do so. The move must come from Germany. Obviously the only evidence that Germany had ceased to think in terms of mechanical *Weltmacht* would be the complete repudiation of the ruling class that has made the war. Some kind of a revolution is the only safety signal that Germany can present to the world she has outraged. The Allies, having no direct

means of influencing German opinion, can only fight on till the safety signal is displayed. This does not necessarily involve the military crushing of Germany, merely her being put at a military disadvantage sufficient to conduce to the right sort of reflection on her part. Evidently it would be folly to ask Germany to change her mind, still greater folly to accept expressions of penitence from the perjured lips of her present rulers.

The situation admits of none of the usual negotiations and compromises. Such adjustments with a morally unchastened Germany would be mere postponements. It seems to me folly to speak of any military conclusion short of a permanently enfeebled Germany, of any moral conclusion short of a Germany honestly repentant and willing to make reparation. These are the logical alternatives, and any middle course promises a future hell on earth to which the imminent horrors of the war prolonged are really preferable.

These things are so well understood that one may regard the terms of the Allies as already shaped so far as formulation is now possible. Germany's terms can be much more definitely formulated, and perhaps should be. She knows that the aim of the Allies is to redeem Belgium and to insure their own reasonable safety. If she had terms that meet the case, presumably she would not hesitate to utter them. With all the military advantage so far in her favor, it is her turn to play the generous nation. Upon her silence it will be difficult for even the weavers of editorials or the skippers of peace ships to put any favorable construction.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

Princeton, N. J.

Anti-Anglo-Saxon

SIR: It has been what I have considered my good fortune to be a reader of your journal since its first number. I was so pleased with it that I recommended it to all my friends and relatives, and furthermore recommended it to the staff of the school newspaper of which I am a member.

I have not always agreed with what you say, nor with what many of your contributors say; and this week's issue contains an article from the pen of Mr. George Louis Beer, supplemented by remarks from your pen, to which I am adamantly opposed. My attitude toward the war from the first has been divided into two parts: my private opinion and my opinion as an American citizen. My opinion as a private individual has been rampantly pro-German; as an American citizen I have been neutral, equally indignant at German and English disregard for our rights. There are, I sincerely believe, many hundreds of thousands who have the same opinion that I have, who cannot believe that England as a nation is satisfied with what she has already conquered, stolen or acquired by other means, and that therefore she has never and can never abandon her detestable policy of imperialism. Furthermore, since nothing can convince us of England's sincerity, and since her own condition in the little tight island is so rotten economically, I cannot see how an alliance will benefit the United States or our people, except that very small minority who are so strenuously propagating Anglo-Saxonism.

As to Anglo-Saxonism, I would like you to ask yourself this question. What can such a thing mean to men like me, born of German-Jewish parents, but American to the core by public school training? Can any European racial question mean anything to me, least of all Anglo-Saxonism? Can you not realize that I was brought up with the traditions of Bunker Hill, that England to me is a bugaboo, and has always been, and always will be? That England

and democracy cannot be synonymous to me, and that any alliance with any European nation is a violation of a sacred tradition ingrained by Washington's celebrated speech, meant to apply directly against England? Will you never realize that to such as me, Elizabeth can never be revered as a queen, nor Drake as an admiral, and that Goethe and Schiller, Voltaire and Racine are just as much my poets as Shakespeare?

EDWARD E. FUCHS.

[Note: THE NEW REPUBLIC is not advocating an understanding with Great Britain on racial grounds or on any grounds which would not be as valid for an American of Jewish or Italian descent as for an American of English descent. We do not ask Mr. Fuchs to revere Elizabeth as a queen or Drake as an admiral any more than a Frenchman is asked because of the alliance between France and Great Britain to prefer Shakespeare to Molière. It would be foolish for this country to allow its policy to be dictated either by Anglo-Saxonism or by anti-Anglo Saxonism. We need an understanding with Great Britain chiefly because that power controls the seas, because the future of the United States lies upon the seas, and because this country cannot do anything more effective for the peace of the world than to exercise a beneficial influence by means of such an understanding as to the way in which the control of the seas shall be exercised.—THE EDITORS.]

Physicians' Juries for Defective Babies

SIR: Much of the discussion aroused by Dr. Haiselden when he permitted the Bollinger baby to die centers around a belief in the sacredness of life. If many of those that object to the physician's course would take the trouble to analyze their idea of "life," I think they would find that it means just to breathe. Surely they must admit that such an existence is not worth while. It is the possibilities of happiness, intelligence and power that give life its sanctity, and they are absent in the case of a poor, misshapen, paralyzed, unthinking creature. I think there are many more clear cases of such hopeless death-in-life than the critics of Dr. Haiselden realize. The toleration of such anomalies tends to lessen the sacredness in which normal life is held.

There is one objection, however, to this weeding of the human garden that shows a sincere love of true life. It is the fear that we cannot trust any mortal with so responsible and delicate a task. Yet have not mortals for long ages been entrusted with the decision of questions just as momentous and far-reaching; with kingship, with the education of the race, with feeding, clothing, sheltering and employing their fellowmen? In the jury of the criminal court we have an institution that is called upon to make just such decisions as Dr. Haiselden made, to decide whether a man is fit to associate with his fellows, whether he is fit to live.

It seems to me that the simplest, wisest thing to do would be to submit cases like that of the malformed idiot baby to a jury of expert physicians. An ordinary jury decides matters of life and death on the evidence of untrained and often prejudiced observers. Their own verdict is not based on a knowledge of criminology, and they are often swayed by obscure prejudices or the eloquence of a prosecutor. Even if the accused before them is guilty, there is often no way of knowing that he would commit new crimes, that he would not become a useful and productive member of society. A mental defective, on the other hand, is almost sure to be a potential criminal. The evidence before a jury of physicians considering the case of an idiot would be exact and scientific. Their findings would be free from the

prejudice and inaccuracy of untrained observation. They would act only in cases of true idiocy, where there could be no hope of mental development.

It is true, the physicians' court might be liable to abuse like other courts. The powerful of the earth might use it to decide cases to suit themselves. But if the evidence were presented openly and the decisions made public before the death of the child, there would be little danger of mistakes or abuses. Anyone interested in the case who did not believe the child ought to die might be permitted to provide for its care and maintenance. It would be humanly impossible to give absolute guarantees for every baby worth saving, but a similar condition prevails throughout our lives. Conservatives ask too much perfection of these new methods and institutions, although they know how far the old ones have fallen short of what they were expected to accomplish. We can only wait and hope for better results as the average of human intelligence, trustworthiness and justice arises. Meanwhile we must decide between a fine humanity like Dr. Haiselden's and a cowardly sentimentalism.

HELEN KELLER.

Wrentham, Mass.

Imagist

SIR: Will you permit me to ask a question of Mr. Colum through your paper? In his article on imagism in your autumn literary supplement Mr. Colum quotes an excessively foolish piece of verse called "Miggles." I am anxious to know who the author of it is, as Mr. Colum cites it as an example of imagism, and to my certain knowledge the verse in question appears in neither of the Imagist Anthologies nor in the separate published works of any of the poets included therein. So to be caricatured in a serious review is unfortunate, although I quite realize that Mr. Colum must have quoted the verse under a misapprehension.

AMY LOWELL.

Brookline, Mass.

[NOTE: The poem is by Mr. Orrick Johns, and it appeared in the July, 1915, number of "Others," an interesting magazine of verse published in New York. I was certainly under the impression that Mr. Orrick Johns belonged to the imagist group, and I was helped to that impression by hearing that some of his work is being included in the forthcoming anthology of very modern poetry edited by Mr. Ezra Pound. I had thought of this anthology—wrongly perhaps—as being representative of the imagist group of poets.—PADRAIC COLUM.]

U. of P.'s Law Work

SIR: Excellent as I think THE NEW REPUBLIC to be in the main, you will not object, I am sure, to the expression of the thought that it would be still better if it kept in mind something of other developments than those of New York and New England.

The article on the Harvard Law School brings up the thought anew. You say that at the Harvard Law School law was first scientifically taught in America. What of the University of Pennsylvania, where in the eighteenth century was established the first law school in this country? Is it not to be supposed that James Wilson, who perhaps did more towards forming the Constitution of the United States than any other member of the Convention, taught law scientifically at the University of Pennsylvania?

Moreover your claim for Harvard is opposed by all sound deductive reasoning. The leaders of society in Massachusetts were the clergy, not the lawyers. The leaders

of society in Philadelphia were lawyers in the eighteenth century. They had studied at the English Inns of Court. Boston lawyers had not. The Philadelphia lawyers early placed the law upon the highest plane it attained in America, as medicine was placed in the same city. A professor at the Harvard Medical School lately declared in his memoirs that it took Harvard a long time to attain the Philadelphia standard. I think the facts warrant a similar statement in regard to the law.

QUINCY ADAMS THURSTON.

Philadelphia, Pa.

[NOTE: Our comments on the Harvard Law School did not attempt to cover the whole history of legal education in the United States. Such a survey would take due account of the contributions and traditions of the early Philadelphia bar. It would speak of the services of the early law professors in the United States, beginning with Chancellor Wythe. Of that period of American legal education James Wilson was undoubtedly a powerful influence. We had reference to the new era in legal education which began with the modern days at Harvard: "The Harvard Law School under Dean Langdell was the first to entertain the idea that law is a science to be taught like other sciences." By this we mean the establishment of post-graduate requirements of admission, a stiff standard in granting degrees, a thorough and coördinated curriculum—which we are still very far from having in any law school—and a professional body of law teachers. The result has been "a scientific method of investigation and instruction in the common law." Such a method was impossible before the new spirit and the scientific method in thought characteristic of the last fifty years. It was part and parcel also of the epoch-making work of a group of thinkers and historians at Harvard—Ames, Gray, Holmes, Langdell and Thayer. The claim of leadership made for Harvard is set forth in the report on legal education made last year by Professor Redlich for the Carnegie Foundation.

That the pride of other institutions should be stirred, that Harvard Law School cannot rest merely on its past achievements, is one of the most hopeful signs in the realm of the law. The task ahead for all law schools is thus put by Professor Redlich:

It seems to me accordingly that if the American university law schools should adopt the policy of extending the course, and above all of deepening it on the side of strictly theoretical legal science and comparative law, so as to try to reveal to the younger generation in the law schools the true problems of the common law and of modern legal development in general, this policy would be in line with that of these typical men, and may be expected, despite all scepticism, to inaugurate a new era in the development of Anglo-American law and of its science. Then also, as Professor Pound so thoughtfully explains in the treatise already referred to, the "socialization of legal training" for which he hopes will be made possible; then one may feel confident that the capacity which the common law has exhibited through so many centuries, of flexibly adapting itself to the needs and the economic life of the people, will again be displayed, and that the law will prove equal to its next great task, inexorably imposed upon it by the modern organization of a completely industrialized democracy; and then the new legal science will be the fructifying source from which the common law will draw this very power for regeneration and renewal.—THE EDITORS.]

After the Play

MAMIE has been making a more-and-more-so speech about the Church to her mother and the Archbishop. Her mother has been getting more and more uneasy. At last she can bear it no longer:

MAMIE'S MOTHER. My dear! You are forgetting yourself. Remember the Church is the Church.

MAMIE [*in an ecstasy of conviction*]. To Hell with the Church!

MAMIE'S MOTHER [*outraged*]. Mamie!

MAMIE [*deeply wounded, turns to the Archbishop*]. But you understand me?

THE ARCHBISHOP. Of course, my dear. [*He kisses Mamie gravely on the forehead.*] No religious man can fail to understand.

Such an incident makes me feel that I shall never be worthy to share the Archbishop's religious insight, much as I respect his eminence. "Major Barbara" makes me feel that I shall never comprehend the religious insights of Bernard Shaw, whose rank in his own hierarchy must be at least equal to an archbishop's.

After almost any contact with almost any religious play I realize that even people who are stupider than I about some things are ever so much less stupid about religion. This preface will explain part of my failure to understand "Major Barbara."

"The whole point of the play," Mr. Chesterton has said, "is that the religious element is defeated." The whole point of the play, as I see it, is that the religious element triumphs. The triumphant element is Andrew Undershaft's religion. It is a fusion of two parts. One is his intellectual realism. Courage gave him the will and a lucid mind gave him the power to see things as they are. Of these things the most important is that poverty is the worst of crimes. Therefore, he runs his munitions works without misgiving or self-questioning, keeping always the true faith of an Armorer. But he is not a realist only. He is also a mystic. He not only sees what is: he feels something that cannot be seen. As a mystic he realizes that the power which drives the munitions works of Undershaft & Lazarus is a power not himself, a will of which he is a part.

The realistic side of Andrew Undershaft's religion is explained with great fullness and effectiveness. The mystic side is treated hardly more than parenthetically. As a result the religion seems about one-tenth mysticism to nine-tenths realism. It is a religion which explains itself to the uttermost in some of the clearest prose ever written.

Although Undershaft is the hero of "Major Barbara" the events of the play add nothing to his own religious experience. His experience is merely the making of converts to his religion. Of these the most notable is his daughter Barbara, whose mind is prepared for change less by what he says than by what happens under her own eyes. When she resigns as major in the Salvation Army because the army takes money from Undershaft, maker of death and destruction, and from Bodger, maker of whiskey, and because she sees the reflection of this act in a soul she has been trying to save, she is already on the road to an understanding of her father's religion. The rest of her conversion is achieved by discussion.

Conversion in Barbara's case is accompanied by understanding. So it is in the case of Cusins, the Greek professor who is going to marry Barbara. In the cases of Undershaft's wife and son conversion leaves them as non-comprehending as ever. In all four cases Shaw the ob-

server and Shaw the artist has triumphed by showing us conversion without subversion of the convert's nature. Neither Stephen nor Lady Britomart nor Cusins nor Barbara is at the end of the play a new man or a new woman. Each is a person to whom something has happened. Something profound to Barbara, whose experience will not keep her from rejoining the Salvation Army by-and-by with a better grasp of the conditions upon which it exists. Something superficial to Stephen, who is one of the most brilliant caricatures of the public school and university English gentlemen in all Shaw's gallery, and whose beautifully fatuous outlook upon life is unspoiled by his change of mind.

"Major Barbara," which has had to wait nearly ten years for a hearing in the United States, and which would have had to wait longer but for Miss Grace George's keen eye for the real thing in plays, makes any other play I have seen this season seem unimportant. At other plays I have been more eager to know what would happen next. At "Major Barbara" I feel that suspense has after all been fearfully overrated, that nowhere even in Shaw are things of more weight and point said more effectively, nowhere is this wit more effectively employed in destructive criticism of current points of view.

Here and there "Major Barbara" also bores me more or less. Perhaps because I am blind to "the gay energy and artistic fertility of religion"? Perhaps—though "Androcles and the Lion" almost persuaded me that I wasn't quite blind. The explanation I make to myself is that nearly all the characters sound voluble. They have a habit of treating sudden spiritual insights as things never to be silent about, as occasions for a flood of words, good words, words quite out of the reach of any other writer for the stage, but nevertheless words. These people are *raisonneurs*. Andrew Undershaft is a *raisonneur*. Cusins is a *raisonneur*. Barbara is a *raisonneuse*. Stephen is a *raisonneur*. Peter Shirley is a *raisonneur*.

In a play which proceeds by discussion it is up to the author to keep his men and women from producing an effect of volubility. A question of technique, which in "Major Barbara" Shaw has not solved.

Another technical difficulty which Shaw has not overcome is the difficulty of keeping his play from sounding over-explained. A play like "Fuhrrmann Henschel" is not explained by everybody in it. In "A Doll's House," "Ghosts" and "Rosmersholm" Ibsen has invented predicaments which force men and women who are not by nature abnormally self-explanatory to explain themselves. In "Major Barbara" the predicaments of Barbara and of Peter Shirley make their explanatoriness natural and inevitable. But the explanatoriness of Andrew Undershaft, who cannot be in a room two minutes without discoursing brilliantly upon the philosophy of a millionaire and munitions-maker, and the explanatoriness of Cusins, who cannot forget for two minutes that he is a professor of Greek, are not forced upon them. These men explain because they are born remorseless explainers.

"Stop making speeches, Andrew," says Lady Britomart to her husband. "This is not the place for them." "My dear," he answers, "I have no other means of conveying my ideas."

Even so.

At the Playhouse "Major Barbara" delights the eye and the ear and the mind. If an inhabitant of Mars or Vienna or Paris asked me to show him the best we could do in New York I should joyfully take him to the Playhouse.

Q. K.

Books and Things

MR. FORREST REID'S book about Mr. Yeats ("W. B. Yeats, a Critical Study." New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$2 net) is extraordinarily good. Mr. Reid is not a tepid critic. "If Shelley is a great poet, if Keats and Coleridge and Rossetti are great poets," he says, "then Mr. Yeats is a great poet also, greater, I think, than any of these." Such a sentence will grieve every reader who is middle-agedly reluctant to admit that any poet now living is greater than any poet now dead. But less than a page away Mr. Reid speaks in a very different tone: "There is something curiously characteristic in a story 'A. E.' told me of him [Mr. Yeats]. Some years ago 'A. E.' was teaching him to do pastels, and coming out one day he found the poet at work on a woodland sketch which he was doing from nature. It was in the full strength and heat of a July noon, and Mr. Yeats, while copying what lay before him, was turning it into a moonlight scene." These two quotations give one a very fair notion of Mr. Reid's book. He never loses hold of his belief that Mr. Yeats is one of the great English poets, and he also never forgets Mr. Yeats's tendency to turn the great daylight of the world into moonlight. Through two hundred and fifty pages Mr. Reid goes his admiring and discriminating way, denying Mr. Yeats this, denying him that, and yet rating him quite as high in the end as those admirers do who refuse to discriminate.

"The most abstract among them"—Mr. Reid is speaking of the poems written between 1890 and 1899—"are never addressed solely to the intellect, though in the simplest of them the intellect is never forgotten." And again: "No one has ever worked with a more jealous care for his art, and each rewriting of a poem has, at this time, almost invariably the effect of bringing it nearer to his own innermost vision." Where his poetry "is accepted it becomes a part of life. It gives something that nothing else has ever given or can give. It blossoms and bears fruit: it has the profound influence of a deep spiritual experience." Higher praise it would not be easy to give, yet this praiser is capable of saying, with equal sincerity, of Mr. Yeats's philosophy and morality: "The same air of extravagance, of unreality, everywhere tinges the mystic morality as we find it expounded in his pages. Like the philosophy, it reveals an aspect of the truth, but if we ask of it a revelation of the whole of the truth it fails signally." Of one of Mr. Yeats's ways of looking at life Mr. Reid says: "The whole attitude, to put it harshly, is a little unintelligent, and the reply to this would doubtless be that the rapture, the enthusiasm of saint and artist usually is unintelligent." One might quote Mr. Henry James to Mr. Reid, if one were talking to him of his book: "There was a fearful amount of concession in it, but what you kept had a rare intensity."

Anyone who writes a good book about Mr. Yeats is certain to write well about his rhythms. Mr. Reid has written well about them here: "Mr. Yeats's characteristic rhythms approach to the rhythms of nature. They are wavering, passionate, deliberately uncertain; now lingering, dying like faint echoes, now rich and full and triumphant like the breaking of the sea." And here: "Despite the subtlety of his rhythms Mr. Yeats has perhaps sacrificed less to rhythm than any other poet has. The metre is never helped out by superfluous adjectives, his poetic style is in this respect as austere as the baldest prose style. A poet like Swinburne—I cannot help returning to him because

his art affords such a complete contrast to that of Mr. Yeats—has a little list of words that come and go for no other purpose than to help out the lines to their allotted length, or to supply a rhyme." In order to realize how true this is one has only to remember that Mr. Yeats does have his favorite words, words that name bright specific things used in old ritual, words that express delicate or slow or wavering motion. Words like blossoming, wither, heavy, crozier, mist, drifting, dimmed, the Shining Seven—these recur again and again, but not because any metrical need of them recurs. They recur only because they are the favorites of his imagination, because he cannot bear to live without them long, and when they recur he has a new rhythm for them to find a new home in. Within the limits of metres you can mostly put an old name to, and as if to show poets who do little with much liberty how much may be done with a little, he has found all the wide spaces he needs for the experiments of his sensitive ear. His ear chooses oftenest strange new rhythms that drift and pause and wander. He avoids and avoids every stale certainty of accent. The newer uncertainties he has imagined make the uncertainties of even a poet like Mr. Bridges sound a little scholarly.

But Mr. Yeats achieves newness not only when he uses the words that are his own favorites. He achieves it by the help of words and phrases that are everybody's favorites, that are as common as the Great North Road. In "Ave" Mr. George Moore tells how he protested against writing "by turning common phrases which rise up in the mind into uncommon phrases," and records Mr. Yeats's answer: "That is what one is always doing." Because he is always doing this, doing it well, doing it with imagination, Mr. Yeats is one of the great recreators of old jaded phrases. Salt tears, salt tears, salt tears! Did you ever hear anything oftener? But to Mr. Yeats the words suggest a phrase as new as they were when a fresh imagination first united them:

And my gaze was thronged with the sleepers; for nowhere
in any clann
Of the high people of Soraca nor in glamour by demons
flung,
Are faces alive with such beauty made known to the salt
eye of man,
Yet weary with passions that faded when the seven-fold
seas were young.

Do you perhaps quarrel with Mr. Reid for calling Mr. Yeats a greater poet than Keats or Shelley? I neither quarrel with him nor agree. By common consent Homer is one of the great poets of the world. By common consent Dante is one of the great poets of the world. By common consent Shakespeare is one of the great poets of the world. But these and all other common consents would still have to be justified but for the fact that they are common consents. When you have told me that Dante is one of the great poets of the world you have left a great deal untold. Apparently it did Mr. Reid good to call Mr. Yeats a greater poet than Shelley or Coleridge. It didn't inspire him to leave the rest untold. It put him on his mettle, led him to do his persuasive best to make his readers agree with him, led him to fight for his belief page after discerning page. Although I finish Mr. Reid's book with my opinion unchanged as to the relative positions of Shelley and Mr. Yeats, I also believe his book is better than it would have been if he hadn't rated Mr. Yeats so high.

P. L.

1887-1915

The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke. New York: John Lane Co. \$1.25 net.

FOR some years past the work of Rupert Brooke was known to a limited circle as that of a bright new light in English poetry. With the war he emerged for a much wider public. In the heyday of youth, he immediately volunteered for active service, and he went out to meet war and possible death with his music attuned. Five heart-searching dauntless sonnets were written in 1914, previous to his departure on the expedition to the Dardanelles. In the Aegean, before he had written again, it fell to him to meet one of the advance claims of war. He died of an infection on board a French hospital ship at Scyros, April 23, 1915. With his end came every emphasis on his war poems and their great vogue in England. And now, for minds still possessed with the thought of his young death, his complete work is brought in view.

In his lovely and tender lines on the immaculate conception Rupert Brooke plays humorously with the figure of the Angel Gabriel. He saw the heavenly messenger as proud and changeless, "radiant, untroubled in his wisdom, kind," but he ventured to suggest the golden wire that kept Gabriel's halo in place. Any portrait that fixes his own attitude as "immote, immortal," invites a similar smile. It is easy, of course, to understand the rapture he inspires. A beautiful soul, says an ancient critic, harmonizes with a beautiful form, and the two are cast in one mould. It is natural that those who ever looked even casually on Rupert Brooke should wish now to emphasize this harmony. The very antithesis of the theatrical poet, he did not need to be named to be noted. Eyes of a steady, fathomless blue looked his strength and sensitiveness. Clear-featured, free-haired, sunburnt, he was one of the most arresting and satisfactorily handsome of men. But he was not a classic marble or in love with classic marble. Edward Thomas speaks of him as "a golden young Apollo." Walter de la Mare recalls "the radiance and repose of an immortal." Gilbert Murray says that he "typified the ideal radiance of youth and poetry." Winston Churchill insists on his "classic symmetry of mind and body, ruled by high, undoubting purpose." Lancelles Abercrombie strings out the words exquisite, unforgettable, supreme, perfect, incomparable, unspeakably beautiful. All this seems to make him "a gold speck in the gold skies." But his work belies it. Like the Mary of his poem, under his breast he had "multitudinous burnings." And like her, he was "pitiful with mortality." To forget that is to miss the magic of his swift, wayward, trenchant, disdainful, winning, reticent, reverent spirit.

He was a singer, not an aspirant to song. Terse, compact, graphic, he was undoubtedly an analyst in his medium. His marvelous gift for words was not all ebullience. But the power that fuses a lyric out of the conglomerate of experience was born in him. He took his impulse from his nature, not from the suggestion of books. The tradition of rhymed form he accepted completely, but he never indentured himself to great poets. He rose serenely, as they did, out of the amateur. And if he retold the fleetingness of love, or fancied wooers turned to dust, or held a muted sob in words, or sharpened his wit on religion, it was because he conceived the poetry in these things anew. Life, one may well see, was not easy for him. It was not so much that he was born into a world of searchlight hostesses and ladies impecunious in emotion, a world of tennis and chatter and afternoon tea. These he deflected. But he

inherited the mortgage of the civilized, the handicap of tilled fields and paved roads and deliberate efforts at "sleeping out." No wonder he loved to swim at night. He had imagination and the nostalgia for freedom and danger and magnificence that goes with it. One is conscious of that nostalgia in him, the ache of emptiness, asking for something more responsive than the English girl *éprise*, something more violent than tennis—until the war. But of all this, strangely enough, he made poetry.

At his highest moment Rupert Brooke gave proof that "the harmonious soul is both temperate and courageous," yet the dissonances of his career make his final music sweeter. In these collected poems one is forced by his strict sincerity to observe the fluctuant progress of a spirit, and if it were not for the ache and wincing of that spirit, the juvenility and self-consciousness, the defensive wit and aggressive satire, one might believe that his halo also was held by golden wire.

Never that mere warbler who "is melted and softened beyond what is good for him," Rupert Brooke was still sensuous, sensitive, complicated, intensely personal. Too sophisticated from the beginning to sing in obvious strains, he arrayed himself against criticism by being critical himself. Even those early poems conceived by the fledgling "on the edge of silence, half afraid, waiting a sign," are guarded against fatuity, "rife with magic and movement." But in spite of his fine sophistication he was too much the experimenter to halt because ugliness and disregard afflicted him, because the hunger for love preoccupied him, because the scepticism of youth compelled him to sing certainties when certitudes ached for acceptance. He was not the sort to fail of certainties, however little they were; but the life of the modern young man, the life of nature attained out of complexity, he was able to reconcile to exquisite phrase and music.

There are many poems that show his livingness by exposing the bruises of broken flight. These bruises he earned. He had in him much of that ferocity "which only comes from spirit, which, if rightly educated, would give courage, but, if too much intensified, is liable to become hard and brutal." This was a tendency in Brooke. "Jealousy," "Menelaus and Helen," "The Voice" and "A Channel Passage"—all grimly amusing—showed sensitiveness ready to inflict revenge. And delightful as such vigor was in the midst of mawkishness, it beat savagely against a world not concentric with desire. But he was the enraptured as well as the irreconcilable. In "Dining-Room Tea" and "Blue Evening" and "Town and Country" he could surely lift his wings.

His Phrygian harmonies, "the strain of the fortunate," had great loveliness in "Grantchester" and "The Treasure," and "The Great Lover." His Dorian harmonies, "the strain of the unfortunate," were more completely music in "Peace," "Safety," "The Dead," "The Soldier." "I want to have one harmony warlike," said Plato, "to sound the note or accent which a brave man utters in the hour of danger and stern resolve, or when his cause is failing, and he is going to wounds or death or is overtaken by some other evil, and at every such crisis meets the blows of fortune with firm step and a determination to endure." So Rupert Brooke sounded the accent of the brave. Ripe to accept a destiny, he sang of it as few men have ever sung.

In the present volume there is included a sympathetic and subtle estimate by George Edward Woodberry, and a capable biographic note by Miss Margaret Lavington. There is also a romantic portrait. But neither these last,

with their unconscious emphasis on pathos, nor the final poems, should take one completely away from the treasures of Rupert Brooke's becoming. For he lives in these, and by these too he is entitled to live.

F. H.

Calabria Alive

Old Calabria, by Norman Douglas. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$4.00 net.

SOUTHERN Italy has fared very ill at the pens of modern American and English travelers. The sentimental have turned it into a colored photograph, the learned have represented it as an archaeological chart. Those who want either blue sky and tarantellas or hand-book information should not apply to Mr. Norman Douglas. There isn't an ounce of sentiment in his composition; and in spite of a fine background of classics and scholarship, he does not see the present through the spectacles of the past. He has so thoroughly resisted that Italian seduction, he is so willing to look an electric light in the face, that the "old" in his title seems a mere sop to convention; the Calabria he portrays is above all a living land, racy, caustic, primitive, but subtly outgrowing her ancient roots. Of that Calabria his depths of sophisticated knowledge appear unfathomable, yet his eye is fresher than the native's, and his comments on local customs and conditions are dictated by a passion for critical definition and spiced with a strong, irreverent humor.

"It may be said," he remarks, "that it does not concern aliens to make such criticism. A fatuous observation! Everything concerns everybody!" So he gives us a chapter on malaria to balance those on saints, dragons and bandits; and sketches of landscape, towns and people, bristling with anecdotes of political corruption, and illumined by economics as well as by history, ethnology and folk-lore. He is, in fact, a sort of twentieth-century reversion to the type of discursive scholar-traveller and gentleman-adventurer on the continent that flourished in England from the time of Elizabeth to the mid-Victorian age, but became obsolete with the spread of railroads and Baedekers. Being a Scotchman, he can't forbear to utter bitter complaints of bed and board, but he doesn't really care a fig where he eats or sleeps, or whom he consorts with, or how or when he gets anywhere. Perhaps it would be more exact to say that he cares so much about all these things that he has evolved a technique which is as different from Cook's code as Greek from Esperanto. Where does he go when he arrives in a new town—to the "best hotel?" By no means. To the largest chemist's, where the sager members of the community congregate; two sous' worth of vaseline, a little conversation, and he is lodged as nearly tolerably as may be. When he wants good wine he applies to the priests "by reason of their unrivalled knowledge of personalities." From the confessional of the wives they know exactly who has been able to keep a precious vintage, and who has been obliged to sell or adulterate it.

Calabria is still practically unvisited, a "wistful and stricken land," deficient in comfort, prolific in dirt and malaria mosquitos; a land "whose charms do not appeal to the eye of romance," whose "joys are not to be bought like those of Switzerland, for gold"; whose contours are denuded and austere. The country people have been so direly oppressed, through so many centuries, that as late as the eighteen-eighties "they used to sell their children by regular contract duly attested before local mayors." Now, as a result of more enlightened administration of certain

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sanitary measures like the dissemination of cheap quinine, and of the American exodus, things are looking up a little—though taxes like the octroi still remain, a burden and a curse to production and exchange. Two-thirds of the male population being over-seas, farm wages have trebled; the rich returned emigrant is buying out the poor landed proprietor and introducing the virus of American ideas, which Mr. Douglas is constrained to find beneficial, though it destroys the native "magic" and daemonology that so fascinate him. "These *Americani* cast off their ancient animistic traits with the ease of a serpent; a new creature emerges . . . sophisticated, extortionate at times, often practical and in so far useful; scorner of every tradition, infernally wide-awake, and curiously deficient in what the Germans call *Gemüt*."

Mr. Douglas can't be blamed for preferring a coachman who murmurs "the were-wolf," at the sight of a dark wayfarer to one who calls glibly, "Same to you, Mister," when damned for an exorbitant charge. How should he not seek out boys who describe the fig-tree as *innamorato delle pietre e cisterne*—"enamoured of stones and cisterns"—boys who talk of "St. Venus" and furnish details of "the two thousand sub-species of Madonna worshipped in different parts of Southern Italy," rather than those more civilized ruffians who want to discuss food prices in Argentina. To suggest that there is still a devil of Scotch Presbyterianism within Mr. Douglas would probably be the worst insult one could offer, for he is that most exultant of pagans, the pagan convert; yet his discussions of the "quaint Alexandrian tutti-frutti known as Christianity" which "tainted the well-spring of honest research for two

thousand years; especially of "those saintly paraphernalia which hang like a fog athwart the fair sky of the South" occasionally wax so rabidly rationalistic that one sees him holding a spear against an ancestral enemy.

Some may find the volume overladen, *touffu*, as the French say, but I reproach it rather with two omissions: that of a bibliography to render accessible those older travellers like Lenormant from whom the author quotes so lovingly; and a map to locate the unfamiliar towns and mountains through which he ranges. Consult one, and you will find that the places where he takes us first, Saracen Lucera, Manfredonia, Venosa (Horace's town), Tarento, are well north of Calabria proper. The complex diversity of races and influences and cultures is most clearly and humanly set forth as Mr. Douglas leads us finally through the Calabrian mountain region to the Ionian coast lands at the end of the peninsula. "This corner of Magna Graecia," he says, "is a severely parsimonious manifestation of nature. Rocks and waters! but these rocks and waters are actualities; the stuff whereof man is made. A landscape so luminous, so resolutely scornful of accessories, hints at brave and simple forms of expression; it brings us to the ground, where we belong; it medicines to the disease of introspection and stimulates a capacity which we are in danger of unlearning amid our morbid hyperborean gloom—the capacity for honest contempt: the contempt of that scarecrow of a theory which would have us neglect what is earthly, tangible."

Such passages evoke not only the landscape, but the man who looks at it. The book expresses a curious psychological affinity, and is a very piquant self-portrait. Of Jules Simon and his paintings of Brittany, who can say which is which? Similarly it would be impossible for the reader, translated into this ancient, barren, torrid land, to say where Norman Douglas ends and Calabria begins. But one thing is certain: if you read the book the *Americani* will never again look so alien to you when you meet them on South Clark Street or in Washington Square. Their dark-skinned faces, their undersized figures, will have the dignity of a background.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

James with a Difference

Duke Jones, by Ethel Sidgwick. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.35 net.

IT would be hard to name any recent work that more happily vindicates what must be called the Henry James method in fiction than this delightful book by Miss Sidgwick. While her analytic powers are not to be mentioned with her master's, she has his gift of making one feel initiated, of compelling one to realize that the most eloquent words in life are the unspoken, that the almost imperceptible movements and intonations are the most poignant and revealing. The prelude to this new novel was "A Lady of Leisure," a performance charming indeed, but so tenuous that it aroused in Miss Sidgwick's admirers a fear lest she be turning mere virtuoso in a method all too alluring to practise for its own esoteric sake. But "Duke Jones" is more than summer-night fireworks. Its psychological foundations are firm and its contours are clear. It represents a world so apparently secure and Olympian that nobody but insiders can be aware of the sharp currents that quiver below the surface, but it does so with sense as well as with subtlety, and manages to combine much of the solidity of the long musical novels with the more graceful completeness of the slighter ones like "Le Gentleman."

One deviation from the method of Mr. James that counts to Miss Sidgwick's advantage as a creator is her preoccupation with the actual spectacle of life. Her eye is as eager and fascinated as her intellect. It dwells affectionately and curiously on the surface of the human creature, while her mind probes and penetrates within. Not as voices in a vague tenebrous maze, after all, do we ourselves know human beings. So, while we are given to appreciate how and why the young bride is moved, we realize it the more because of the gesture of the hands that betrays Violet's emotion. We know so well how "twilight blue" became her dark pallor that we share the general masculine revolt when her favorite blouse appears at the table d'hôte below the golden head of her rival; we stand, with Sadi, elated by her flight up the Parade steps at Brighton; we are comforted to see her brewing coffee before her new drawing-room fire. As for Charles, her husband, it is as much by the corroboration of his easy bearing, his fashion of eating cake and commanding porters, as by the penetration of his selfishness and his cleverness that we shall continue to remember him.

The drama is too delicate and complex to bear rehearsing, but it is mainly a result of the juxtaposition to the Olympians of a rank middle-class English outsider, E. Marmaduke Jones. To all the others life is an art—to Violet and her father, Sir Claude Ashwin, an almost tragic art in which the heart pays for the acute perception of mind and nerves and senses. But to Jones it is a noble duty. Charles, a literary adventurer in human relations and a lover of clever labels, files him as the man in the street—the Jones. But it is Violet's finer understanding that realizes Duke's rareness and draws him irresistibly within the vexed radius of her first year of matrimony. The plot, moreover, has sublimated detective elements which enter with the secondary heroine, Violet's disturbing cousin Lisette, who, like Lady Ashwin, has a fatal heritage of beauty. We had already seen, in "A Lady of Leisure," what a generous and intelligent spirit may suffer from a stupid and coldly sensual one. But Sir Claude's domestic problems here reach their climax.

In Miss Sidgwick's own gift the intellectual and the emotional appear very nicely blended. If she ever loses her head, it is in her intellectual flights. This book hinges upon sex; yet, thanks to its objective realism and its tang of wit, it comes like a cooling cordial after the reeking autobiographic draughts held out to us by Compton Mackenzie, D. H. Lawrence, and the rest of the author's male contemporaries in English fiction.

A Woman Who Saw

A Hilltop on the Marne, by Mildred Aldrich. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net.

PERHAPS the straightest and most charming book yet written in English on a single aspect of the war is Miss Aldrich's "A Hilltop on the Marne." So personal is its charm and in a sense so social, it would be delightful on any account, but on account of the war it is extraordinarily compelling. We are told that Miss Aldrich is a well-known Boston woman. She is, however, of that spirited and penetrating New England that selects for its declining years a home in the Marne rather than the Connecticut valley. There she was settled with her books and chosen possessions, her beloved panorama outside to rejoice her, in the placid summer of 1914.

The early letters move with a quite sonorous slowness,

bathed in summer sunlight, an *andante* as if by design. Then the single sharp note of the Serbian assassination is struck, casually. Miss Aldrich is aware though not concerned. But soon she writes that it is a "nasty outlook." Then, on July 30th, "the tension here is terrible. Still, the faces of the men are stern, and every one is so calm—the silence is deadly." And August 2nd; "Well, dear, what looked impossible is evidently coming to pass."

Maps and photographs make it clear where Miss Aldrich's house stands, anchored right on the tracks of the German advance. But before that was foreshadowed Miss Aldrich saw the French gathering themselves to meet the enemy of whose "nerve and character" she was so sanely sure. She was old enough to remember the volunteers leaving gala Boston for the Civil War. "But this is quite different. There are no marching soldiers, no flying flags, no bands of music. It is the rising up of a Nation as one man—all classes shoulder to shoulder, with but one idea—'Lift up your hearts, and long live France.' I rather pity those who have not seen it."

To get to Paris for money was necessary, and on one of these intrepid journeys Miss Aldrich saw British soldiers from the train. This was in September. At Lagny she had a chance to speak to one of them.

"What regiment?" I asked.

"Anyone else here speak English?" he questioned, running his eyes along the faces thrust out of the windows.

"I told him no one did.

"Well," he said, "we are all that is left of the North Irish Horse and a regiment of the Scotch Borderers."

"What are you doing here?"

"Retreating—and waiting for orders." They yearned for the fortifications of Paris. "La, la."

Back at her house there were other signs of the retreat. Along the road "a couple of English officers—pipes in their mouths and sticks in their hands—strolling along as quietly and smilingly as if there were no such thing as war." And then a visitor. "An English officer, who looked of middle age, tall, clean-cut, rode down the road on a chestnut horse, as slight, as clean-cut, and well-groomed as himself. He rose in his stirrups to look off at the plain before he saw me. Then he looked at me, then up at the flags flying over the gate—saw the Stars and Stripes,—smiled, and dismounted." From this encounter on, Miss Aldrich's house became a center of the retreating British, a place where they took in the panorama, chatted laconically, received her every care, made friends with her, returned her considerateness from afar. In the divine sunlight of September the fateful conflict of which these visitors were the spindrift rolled and crashed and fumed in the valley beneath. The danger was great, but Miss Aldrich quaintly refused to consider Paris. She stayed there, caught almost in the eddies of the battle, and made tea for her boyish visitors, "a big black bow in my hair."

Those dramatic days hold me spellbound. And then at last all is well. An English bicycle scout waves them the news:

"Good morning. Everything is all right. Germans been as near you as they will ever get. Close shave."

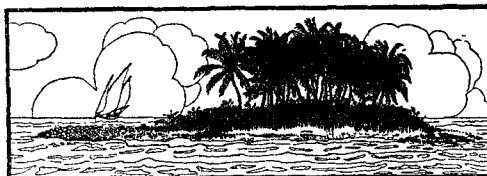
"Where are they?" I asked as we met.

"Retreating to the northeast—on the Ourcq."

"I could have kissed him. Amélie did."

One regrets to end this gallant narrative. Its situations were unsought but compelled by native spirit. It is tempered beautifully, and unaffected. It is an honest confidence overheard.

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